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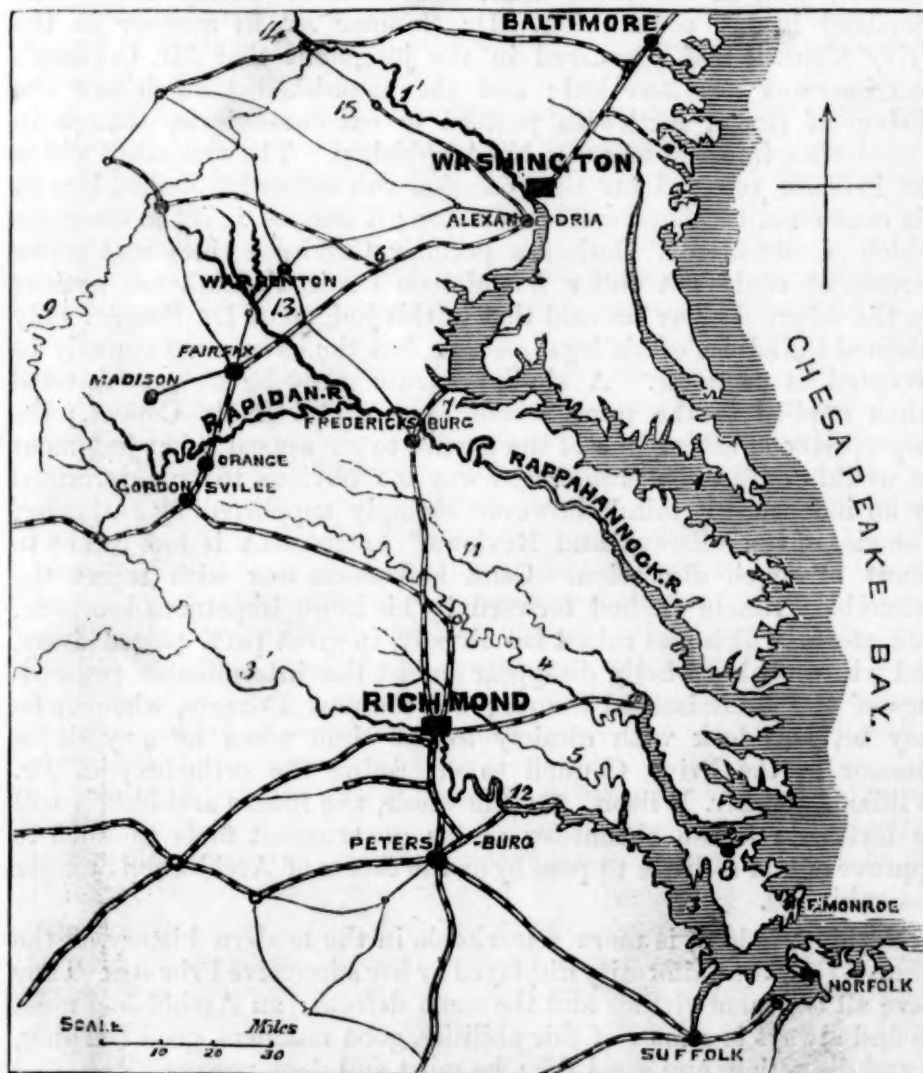
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THE SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN.



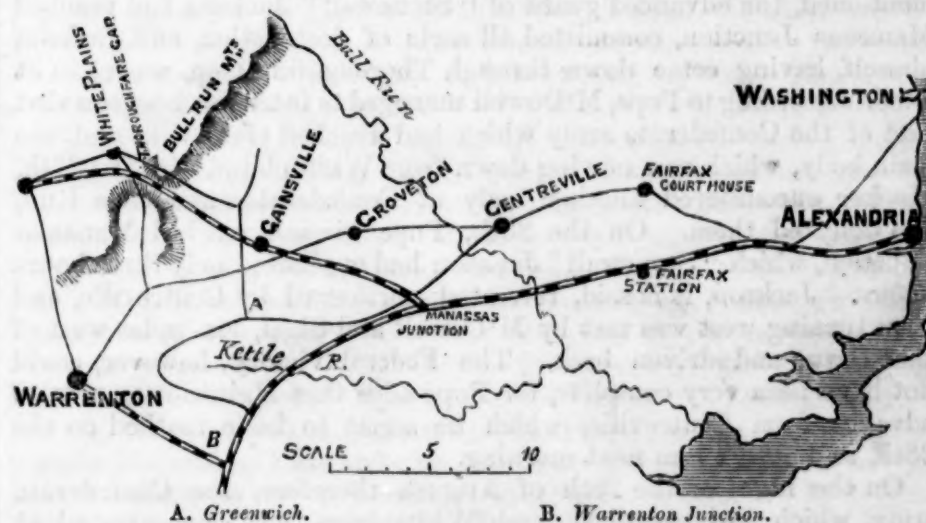
1. Potomac River.  
2. York River.  
3. James River.  
4. Pamunkey River.  
5. Chickahominy River.

6. Manassas Junction.  
7. Aquia Creek.  
8. Yorktown.  
9. Shenandoah River.  
10. West Point.

11. Mataponi River.  
12. Harrison's Landing.  
13. Rappahannock River.  
14. Harper's Ferry.  
15. Leesburg.

ANOTHER great battle has been fought in Virginia between the Federals and the Confederates. According to the despatch of General Pope, directed to General Halleck at Washington, and dated "Head-quarters, Field of Battle, Grovedown, near Gainesville, Aug. 30," the day after the engagement, the combat, as the General says, "lasted with continuous fury from daylight until after dark, by which time the enemy was driven from the field, which we now occupy." It must be admitted that General Pope has always made the most of his exploits, both in the West and in Virginia. It may be prudent, therefore, to await the arrival of the next mail, before drawing any conclusion as to the real character of the success claimed. In the meantime it is important to observe that General Pope admits that "his troops were too much exhausted to push matters," although he adds that he should be able to do so as soon as FitzJohn Porter's corps came up from Manassas Junction. He admits also that he had 8,000 men killed and wounded, though he seems to think the enemy must have lost double that number. In the first part of his despatch

The Country near Groveton, or Grovedown.



he says the enemy "is still in the front, though badly used;" but just before closing his despatch, he announces that a reconnoitring party had been pushed forward to ascertain whether there was any truth in the report that the enemy were retreating back towards the mountains. It may perhaps turn out that the Federals have obtained a victory; but it must be admitted that this important fact is by no means made clear by General Pope, in the despatch to which we have referred. That despatch only reached this country by a telegram, sent from New York to Father Point, on the evening of the 30th August.

In the meantime it may be interesting to trace the occurrences which led to the great battle of the 29th. It may be remembered that General McClellan had managed to evacuate the peninsula, embarking most of his army from Yorktown for the north. It does not, however, appear at what time that army reached its destination; or, indeed, whether they landed at Aquia Creek, or at Alexandria. Considering that there is a railway between that town and Manassas junction, and no direct railway between Aquia Creek and that junction, it is not improbable that the troops were landed at Alexandria. On the other hand it is certain that some of the officers who commanded divisions and brigades under McClellan held command in Pope's army on the 26th and the 29th of August. This might seem to imply that the great mass of McClellan's army had succeeded in joining Pope at Warrenton, or even earlier. But this is a mistake; for it is distinctly stated that some of McClellan's officers had been placed in command of different corps from those which they commanded under him in the Peninsula. The probable conclusion is that the great mass of McClellan's army had not joined Pope before he fought the action of the 29th, and certainly not earlier. At all events it is impossible to estimate the number of General Pope's army, when, on the 23rd August, he was compelled to abandon the line of the Rappahannock River (marked 13 in the first sketch), or when he took post at Warrenton and Warrenton Junction on the 24th.

At Warrenton, however, Pope made a stand, and he then thought he had the whole of the Confederate army in his front. But he was



mistaken. Whilst General Lee was keeping the Federal officer occupied along his front, "Stonewall" Jackson had been marching with some 30,000 men towards the north, with the design of turning eastward by Whiteplains, passing through the Bull Run Mountains at Thoroughfare Gap, and so reaching Manassas Junction—thus cutting Pope off from Washington. Pope seems to have had some suspicion of his danger, for he had ordered a division from Alexandria to take post at Manassas Junction. But it did not arrive in time. For on Tuesday, the 26th, the Confederate cavalry reached that railway junction, "captured three or four trains, a number of prisoners, and quarter-master stores to a considerable amount. They also tore up the railroad track, demolished the telegraph," crossed Bull Run stream and even reached Fairfax. The extraordinary thing is that General Pope should have permitted himself to be surprised in this fashion, more especially as only a few days before his personal baggage had been carried off within a few miles of where he stood. On the 26th Pope was at Warrenton, but he at once saw his danger. "As soon as I discovered," he says in his despatch of the 28th, dated from Manassas Junction, "that a large force of the enemy was turning our right towards Manassas, I immediately broke up my camp at Warrenton and Warrenton Junction, and marched back in three columns." McDowell and Sigel marched, by the turnpike-road, upon Gainesville (a station on the railway). Reno and one division of Heintzemann's marched on Greenwich (marked A on sketch 2), in support of McDowell; whilst Pope himself marched with Porter's corps and Hooker's division to Manassas Junction. In the meantime, as has been mentioned, the advanced guard of "Stonewall" Jackson had reached Manassas Junction, committed all sorts of destruction, and Jackson himself, having come down through Thoroughfare Gap, was close at hand. According to Pope, McDowell managed to interpose between that part of the Confederate army which had reached Gainesville and the main body, which was moving down from Whiteplains. On the 27th, Hooker encountered another body of Confederates at Kettle Run, and defeated them. On the 28th, Pope himself reached Manassas Junction, which "Stonewall" Jackson had evacuated only three hours before. Jackson, it is said, retreated northward by Centreville, and then turning west was met by McDowell and Sigel, six miles west of that town, and driven back. The Federal victory, however, could not have been very complete, for Pope adds that Heintzleman was to advance from Centreville, which he seems to have reached on the 28th, and attack him next morning.

On the night of the 28th of August, therefore, the Confederate army, which had passed through Whiteplains, was concentrated at Groveton, or Grovedown, near Gainesville, whilst the Federal army was distributed over a space of ten miles, between Centreville, Manassas Junction, and along the railway; nor did Porter's division reach the field of battle until the close of next day. As to what became of the rest of the Confederate army, which was in front of Pope at Warrenton, nothing is said. But it is tolerably clear that the Confederates had chosen their field of battle, and occupied it on the morning of the 29th, for General Pope distinctly says that on that day, "the enemy stood strictly on the defensive." The "terrific" battle, which has somewhat inappropriately been called "the second battle of Bull Run," was fought at Groveton, and lasted all day—with what result it is impossible yet to say. But whatever that result may be, it is tolerably clear that during the six days which preceded it, General Pope was outflanked and out-maneuvred.

#### THE PRIMATE OF ALL ENGLAND.

A USEFUL life, prolonged beyond fourscore years, was closed last Saturday amidst universal respect. Full of years and honours, the Archbishop of Canterbury passed away from us; but it is doubtful whether the public can yet appreciate the extent of their loss. The remarkably unostentatious character of Dr. Sumner made him shrink from the conspicuousness of his position, and he would have been comparatively little known, had not the conscientious energy with which for nearly sixty years he discharged his duties as a minister of the Church overcome his natural diffidence and forced him into notice. Dr. Sumner's energy was the result of his piety, and we may find, on examination, that his piety determined the very form which his energy assumed. Deeply imbued with religious feeling, it was the work of his life to excite the sacred flame in others; and his labours, whether as preacher or prelate, all tend immediately in this direction. Zealous in preaching, in Church Extension, in the cause of the great Church Societies, it required strong provocation to lead him into controversy, and the natural bent of his mind led him rather to devote himself to his own work than to oversee and direct the works of others. Perhaps no man was ever more qualified by nature to say "Nolo episcopari."

The activity of Dr. Sumner's pastoral life was most noteworthy. He is still, we are told, remembered at Mapledurham—his early Eton preferment—as a laborious and devoted parish priest. When Dr. Barrington gave him a canonry at Durham, he soon became known as the "working" canon; and it was probably due as much

to the reputation of his labours in the Durham Chapter as to the value of his theological publications, that the Duke of Wellington selected him to succeed Dr. Blomfield in the overgrown diocese of Chester. Bishop Sumner's zeal and activity in church extension in the manufacturing districts of Lancashire and Cheshire earned a well-known eulogium from Sir Robert Peel; and, though the Bishop was already sixty-eight years old when he was advanced to the Primacy, he continued for many years to work with untiring assiduity in the service of the Church. The fears which were entertained by a considerable party that the Bishop of Chester's position as an Evangelical leader would make him a very troublesome Archbishop of Canterbury proved to be wholly chimerical. The responsibility of his situation may have somewhat influenced him, but Dr. Sumner had no inclination to over-govern; his aspirations tended in an entirely different direction; and his career as a Primate exhibited all the qualities of discretion and conservatism which are regarded as the first requisites in an Archbishop of Canterbury.

The fourteen years during which Dr. Sumner held the Primacy have been, probably, not more or less eventful than any fourteen years of the century, yet they have been sufficiently notable, if only as marking the decline of the High Church movement and the growth of Rationalism. Already in 1848, when Dr. Sumner was appointed, many of the leaders of the Oxford Party had seceded to Rome, two or three had yet to follow; but the mass of the English clergy were recoiling from Romanism on the one hand, and the lowest type of Evangelicalism on the other. The Gorham controversy had the effect of driving from the Anglican Church the last of the Romanist seceders, but, at the same time, united more closely those who remained in her communion. Dr. Sumner sat as assessor in the Privy Council and concurred in the judgment that Mr. Gorham's doctrine was not heretical; and the astonished Church saw the Bishop of Exeter forthwith proceed to excommunicate, though in a somewhat informal manner, his Archbishop. The sympathy which the Primate received on that occasion was somewhat denied him in his conduct of the Ditcher-Denison case; it seemed as if the tolerance which permitted Mr. Gorham's peculiar Calvinist views on the one sacrament could not suffer Archdeacon Denison's Lutheran notions on the other. It may be said that in this judgment Dr. Sumner only adopted the advice of his legal assessor, but the excuse can scarcely be accepted as complete. A similar excuse must be at once rejected when applied to the more recent case of All Souls' College; the impropriety of asking one of the parties to an appeal what judgment he would desire to be pronounced was too obvious to be entertained by an independent mind, however strongly supported by authority. The rise of the "Essays and Reviews" excitement is too recent to admit of much discussion. Calm lookers-on saw with regret the venerable Primate pushed forward by his more impetuous brethren. The storm which was raised has already, in great part, passed away, and will probably wholly disappear amidst the interminable proceedings of the Ecclesiastical Courts; but the new Primate, whoever he may be, will look with anxiety to the time when he may sit as assessor in the Privy Council to determine the orthodoxy of Dr. Williams and Mr. Wilson. On the whole, the future archbishop will be fortunate if the chronicler of his government finds as much to approve of and as little to pass by as the career of Archbishop Sumner has exhibited.

Nothing, indeed, is more remarkable in the modern history of the Church than the uniformity displayed by her successive Primates. They have all the same virtues and the same defects: an Archbishop must be and always is a man of fair abilities, good manners, good learning, sound discretion, and good life; he must and does possess a profound respect for things as they are; and he must and does shrink from the suggestion of a change. The imagination can scarcely conceive of a Primate so troublesome that it is necessary to send him to the Tower, much less of one who must be got rid of on the scaffold or by less legitimate means. Yet it was not till after experiencing many such Archbishops that we have arrived at our present type. The change begun in 1660 was perfected in 1688, and its success has been so complete that we may freely discuss its advantages and its drawbacks. The statesmen to whom the alteration is due had smarted under the turbulence of prelates. They knew the danger of entrusting any discretion to bishops, and they resolved at the same time to narrow the limits of their action, and to secure men who would be slow to stretch their power. A succession of two or three Primates of the right sort seemed sufficient to carry out their designs. Two or three timid or selfish men, who were content with preserving things as they were, and would suffer any disorder rather than run the risk of amelioration, served to produce a state of things which has made a reforming Archbishop as impossible as a liberal Pope. The boldest may now shrink appalled from the jungle of ecclesiastical law—the unpruned growth of centuries of neglect; only lately have the Ecclesiastical Commissioners ventured to touch, with the greatest gentleness, the question of disproportionate temporalities. The long interval of quiet obscurity into which the government of the Church has fallen was not secured without a deterioration in the standard of the Primates; the history of England before



the Revolution is inseparably associated with the lives of many an Archbishop of Canterbury—Dunstan, Lanfranc, Anselm, Becket, Langton, Cranmer, Whitgift, Laud, Sancroft, are names which are connected in the mind of every educated Englishman with some critical time in the fortunes of his country. The last century is very near us, but how many of the same Englishmen can name two of the Archbishops of Canterbury between 1700 and 1800? We may be quite sure that the Archbishops of that time were men of ability, learning, and piety; their deaths awakened genuine sorrow, but their memory has, for the most part, already perished, and that simply because they were only second-rate men. Quietness purchased at the price of having inferior men in high places is perhaps a little delusive. Even if we restrict our notions to governing the Church on High Police principles, we may acknowledge the imprudence of this method. It is impossible to suppose that in the political relations of the Church no change is ever needed; and if a necessary amendment be delayed, its ultimate expense is only increased. The homely proverb, that a stitch in time saves nine, may with reverence be applied to the administration of an ecclesiastical polity. A man who is incapable of seeing a defect, or, seeing it, is content to leave it untouched, is a bad economist. Eli was apparently a man of great piety, but the judiciousness of his rule is not highly rated. But perhaps a graver danger than disorder within the Church is the contempt which is apt to be generated in the minds of the more educated laity by a constant succession of mediocre Church dignitaries. There is a fear lest the Archbishop should degenerate into an arch-beadle. It is well to keep things quiet; but "*Non possumus*," to all suggestions of amendment, is not a very dignified answer.

The example of some neighbouring nations of the Continent might warn us of this danger. We there see, no doubt in an exaggerated form, the evils which threaten ourselves; the priests are despised, and the Church is really divorced from the State when a gulf has been opened between the clergy and the upper classes of the laity. It is not contended that our condition can afford a parallel to that of Italy; but we may detect a patronizing tolerance towards the clergy which many a high-spirited clergyman must resent. It is, of course, hopeless to expect any immediate remedy for the present state of our Church; the ideal Primate, who shall be at once a man of action and of thought, pious and powerful, cautious and yet courageous, cannot be obtained on demand. Indeed it is easy to imagine the feelings with which Lord Palmerston regards his present privilege of selection; not improbably he sympathizes with Lord Melbourne, in looking on the nomination of bishops as a bore. The Premier is not likely to break in upon the now well-established custom of appointing the Primate from the existing bishops; but he may well ask, who amongst them is fit for the honour? If his lordship feels any such embarrassment, he has in part himself to blame; but he may say the standard of the bishops is limited by the standard of the clergy. In this way we are led to the complaint, which the Episcopal Bench itself has before now uttered, of the inferior character of the candidates for orders at this day; but the Bench will probably be slow to accept, as the explanation of the phenomenon, the reluctance of the ablest men to submit to the tests which are demanded at ordination. Those who do not feel themselves to be in bonds cannot understand the unwillingness of freemen to adopt their condition. If it be true that the deteriorated character of our bishops is a result of an inferior clergy, and that this inferiority is owing to the rigour of clerical subscription, we must look to the laity, and the laity alone, for an amelioration of the evil. The question of the Church is the standing trouble of our legislation; the task of grappling with it is difficult, nay, dangerous; and perhaps no living statesman will venture on the Herculean labour; some time or other, however, it must be done, and we may be certain that delay is purchased at the cost of a rougher treatment in the end.

#### JUNO'S PEACOCK.

At a moment when Liberal Europe is anxiously waiting to see whether the French Emperor is ready to withdraw from his aggressive occupation of the Italian capital, there is a little stir behind the Imperial curtain, and a well-known Imperial herald makes his appearance on the stage with the livery of his late master emblazoned on his back. While the next act in the Papal tragi-comedy is preparing, M. de la Guernonière comes forward to the foot-lights to occupy the attention of the audience, to quiet their impatience, and to execute the usual *pas seul* which, much to his own admiration, he performs upon these occasions. The interest which this fantastic personage excites, both in his own country and elsewhere, is due, we can assure him, to no particular genius in himself. He has till recently been a kind of accredited mouthpiece of the Imperial Cabinet. Though his recognized official rôle is over, the public cannot be quite sure that his assumption and airs are utterly unwarranted, for he may still be a secret, though he is no longer an avowed, agent of his patron. Dismissed as he has been from the Emperor's personal service, he still parades before our eyes the costume of his last place. There is, moreover, a pomp and jargon

in his manifestoes which is either inspired by or closely modelled upon the oracular twang of the *Idée Napoléonienne* itself. To the casual eye there is no perceptible difference between the language and mannerism of the false and the real prophets of Mumbo Jumbo. Of the grandeur and unutterable pretension of his tone we need say nothing. The Imperial pamphleteer is invariably half a mountebank. He struts and fumes with the imperturbable solemnity that becomes a gentleman of the Imperial closet. He arranges the destinies of Europe, and settles nationalities into their places with the egregious vanity of a valet who believes that his master is master also of the world. If we wished for an example to prove how completely long habits of adulation corrupt the intellect and degrade literary taste, we need not go further than the half-bred buffooneries which adorn the literary style of these penmen of the antechamber.

With the exception of the Ultramontane journals, and the newly-born newspaper which has been ushered into the world under the auspices of M. de la Guernonière, the Parisian press has this month spoken out on the subject of Italy and Rome with a liberality which does honour to itself and to France. The Imperialist journals, with the *Constitutionnel* at their head, have proved that they understand, perhaps better than the Cabinet of the Tuileries, the true interests and dignity of Imperialism. The Empire, born in the midst of unconstitutional and exceptional measures, has been since its birth a great power in Europe, and hitherto, in the main, a power for good. It has relieved us from the unhappy incubus of the Treaties of Vienna. It has reduced Austria to its fitting place upon the Continent. Everywhere it has given an impetus to Continental progress. It has created a new and a great nation beyond the Alps which is destined to be one more focus of rational liberty and intellectual enlightenment. A crisis has at last arrived at which Napoleonism must decide whether it is still to be a Liberal influence in Europe, or whether we are to witness the degrading spectacle of the children of the Revolution lending themselves to the cause of reaction and Ultramontane intrigue. Can it be that a Napoleon is desirous of forcing upon Europe a *status quo* as pregnant with future trouble as the order of things established in 1815? Is France about to head a new Holy Alliance for the purpose of crushing Italian aspirations and maintaining the Pope in what must be at best a perilous and ephemeral position? We look for an answer to the Emperor, and the Emperor is silent. The Oracle veils its face. To their credit be it said that those French journals which have consistently upheld his authority, and still are the firm adherents of his dynasty, do not join in so ambiguous, so ominous, and so repulsive a silence. It may suit the saturnine temperament of a Tiberius to keep the world in suspense upon a point concerning intimately French honour. But there is no excuse for saying that public opinion in France has not pronounced itself. On the side of Italy is the unanimous voice of the French press. Against Italy and in favour of a reactionary intervention are the silence of the Oracle itself, the fashionable clamour of a few Parisian coteries, and the stilted loquacity of M. de la Guernonière—the prophet and servant of at least the feminine quarter of the Tuileries.

As we have no opportunity of discovering what are the plans or purposes of a taciturn monarch, who perhaps as yet has not himself formed any clear conception of his future policy, we are left to examine the statements and arguments put forward by his footman. M. de la Guernonière, whose sympathies for Ultramontanism are all the more intense because his piety is of very recent date, gathers audacity as he goes, and has at last declared that Rome must never be given to the Italians. Catholicism in the first place must be protected; the red spectre of revolution in the second place must be put down. The Roman question has been sufficiently discussed upon general and impartial grounds in every intellectual and political circle in Europe. Let us meet M. de la Guernonière on his own battlefield, and scrutinize his proposition as if we too were only concerned to argue it from the point of view of an Imperial valet de chambre. Is it seriously for the interests of Napoleonism that the Papacy should be supported as a political element in Europe? If it were a question of dealing a deadly blow to the Catholic religion, we could understand the hesitation of the French Government. Even Protestants might shrink from hastily undermining an influence which, on the Continent, is the only virtual rival to the materialism of Voltaire. But what will the Papacy, as a political agency, do for the Empire? Are the faithful servants of the Tuileries blind enough to suppose that because the Papacy hates Napoleonism less than it hates the revolution, it will therefore stand by the Imperial dynasty in an hour of real peril? The Papacy is avowedly and irrevocably committed to a very different cause. The Bourbons and not the Napoleons are the objects of its choice. Its interests are identical with the interests of Austria, of the exiled court of Naples, of Jesuitism, of political intrigue, and of the white cockade. The French Emperor has not ceased in the eyes of the Vatican to be Judas, because for his own purposes he salutes Pio Nono with a kiss. Between them there is a great gulf fixed. The Papal Court are wise enough in their generation to know that the external homage done to them by the empire is hollow, that its flatteries are precarious, that



its real tendencies are destructive and not retrograde. Napoleonism is inaugurating in the world a new age. With the new age political Catholicism has nothing in common. It belongs to the past—to the age of legitimacy, of reaction, of corruption. Does M. de la Guernonière forget all this, or does he meditate the sublime missionary project of converting the sacred consistory of cardinals and the universal church to the cause of Napoleonism and progress? He may undeceive himself. The Python will not be so easily "be-Philipped."

The argument that to give Rome to the Italians would virtually be to give victory to the hands of Mazzinism and the Revolution, is one so ludicrous, that it could only have occurred to the ingenious mind of an Imperial article-monger. So long as Rome is withheld, and the Turin Cabinet compelled to acquiesce in the monstrous injustice done to Italy by France, the friends of Mazzini will always have a popular and excellent reason for conspiring, both against France and against the Italian Government. Restore their capital to the Italians, and the embers of Mazzinism will die out for want of fuel. At present the revolutionary flame is consecrated in the eyes of many Italians, because it burns upon the sacred altar of national honour and independence. To perpetuate the present state of things at Rome is to perpetuate discontent and the possibilities of real anarchy both in the Italian peninsula and elsewhere. This is the miserable policy which gives spirit and animation to Mazzini. This is the policy which raises up new Orsinis to take the place of the Orsini that has perished. This it is which suspends an invisible and terrible sword of Damocles over the head of the Emperor of the French, and entrusts to the safe keeping of chance alone the fortunes of his family and son. If Europe is alarmed again by the recurrence of disastrous and unhappy attempts at personal violence—if the hated name of the Carbonari, and the ill-fated patriotic cry, *trecenti juvenes Romani in te conjuravimus*, are to be heard once more—if life, property, and order are again to be placed at the mercy of some infatuated assassin who is bolder or more expert than the rest—we shall know to whom thanks are due. They will be due to those Imperialists who encourage their master in his violent acts of aggression and intervention. They will be due to those who refuse to gratify the just wishes of a nation which has recently given an almost miraculous proof of its self-control. What fatal genius is it that—in the face of the events of the last three weeks—now whispers in the ear of Imperialists that to give back the Tiber to Italians is to give it back to a nation of Republicans and anarchists? Whatever genius it is, it is at least the evil genius of the House of Napoleon, and in repeating its insidious suggestions, M. de la Guernonière is playing the best card of his master's enemies.

With the inconsistency of a writer who invents his arguments for the sake of his conclusions only, M. de la Guernonière has at last, however, put forward one fresh reason for supporting the Papacy, which is at least more tangible than those we have discussed above. It now seems that France—if this gentleman is to be believed—cannot afford to increase further the territories of the King of Italy without a material guarantee in the shape of new French annexations. This is an argument which is more easy of comprehension, and perhaps more congenial to the mind of M. de la Guernonière. All that is to be observed with regard to it is that it is simply the argument of a bandit. The honourable chevalier of fortune who bids your postilion halt, acting upon these sound principles of self-interest, cannot afford to restore his captive to liberty until he has received material compensation in the shape of his purse and watch. We appeal from M. de la Guernonière, the would-be advocate of political violence and robbery, who proposes to steep his country's flag in eternal infamy, to the enlightened and honourable members of the French press. Is this the game which France intends to play? Are the French soldiers at Rome to be regarded in the light of so many banditti? Is Italy to be requested to disgorge a province or a city in order to free herself from the hands that are upon her throat? We will not do Imperialism the dishonour of supposing that M. de la Guernonière speaks in its name; nor do we even care to ask for how many pieces of silver this literary Judas proposes to sell the master whose cause he has so recently espoused under the garb of a devotee. Should his professions of authority, indeed, be correct, England would have something to say to a policy which cloaks highway-robbery under the mask of piety and zeal. A monarch who refused to surrender the Pope's temporal power to just claims, in order to surrender it for a bribe, might escape, perhaps, the daggers of a revolutionary assassin. He might sit down to enjoy his ill-acquired gains, infamous and happy; he might go down to his grave in the ordinary course of nature, a safe and detested villain; but he would not for that escape the judgment which civilization would pronounce on the ruffianism which, by a refined ingenuity, managed to commit at once the double crime of selling its religious professions for a bribe, and of ravishing a province from a weak and reluctant nation in its hour of extremity. Nor, while posterity would avenge the deed, would contemporary Europe be silent. It is the unfounded and unjust suspicion of such schemes which makes Napoleonism unduly distasteful in the prejudiced eyes of Europe. If such

be the effect of unfair suspicion, what would be the effect of the veritable reality? Whether a design so nefarious would succeed we do not know; but we can promise its first proposers—should it ever be seriously proposed—such a reception from indignant and outraged Englishmen that neither they nor the world would readily forget.

It is difficult to conceive that the inspiring genius of the new journal which advocates this Papal policy is in any sense the exponent of the Emperor's thoughts. It is the business of Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell to urge France and her Emperor to a nobler and more consistent conduct. There is, indeed, a theory, and a plausible one, which accounts for the graces and the vanity which M. de la Guernonière permits himself. It is no secret that the Pope has been taken under the general protection of the ladies of Paris, Vienna, and Madrid. The venerable sufferer can count his fair and indignant enthusiasts not merely in the Legitimist salons of these capitals, but in French circles of the most approved Imperialism. It is, perhaps, natural that it should be so. There is nothing which so effectually appeals to the mind of Beauty as the sight of orthodoxy in distress. Compared with this all other heroism is powerless, and even the name of Garibaldi loses its romance. One illustrious personage in particular is pointed out by common rumour as having recently interfered in more than one political question, and not without success. The Mexican expedition, at the outset, was, with some show of probability, attributed to the influence of Almonte and the Spanish clergy over those whose duty in life is ordinarily rather to charm than to persuade. As it was with Mexico so it is with Italy. From the same elegant source of piety and refinement M. de la Guernonière and his newspaper are said to borrow their inspiration. It may be so, and it is to be hoped that it is so. Anything would be better than the supposition that he is inspired from the Emperor's cabinet. This hypothesis explains at once the tone of mystery with which he writes and the pride with which he seems to survey his own productions. Italy may, therefore, perhaps be reassured. This is not the thunder of the gods—it is only the concerted music of the goddesses. M. de la Guernonière's affectations and pomposities are not less intelligible because they are less terrible. He is no longer Jupiter's Eagle; henceforward he is Juno's Peacock.

#### THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS COMMISSION.

WE attempted, in a former article, to recapitulate the principal benefits which may reasonably be expected to emanate from the labours of the Public Schools' Commissioners, confining our observations, on that occasion, to the collegiate, or foundational portion of Eton College. We purpose, to-day, to deal with the remaining and larger division of that great national establishment, which comprises the oppidans; boys who, belonging chiefly to the upper classes of English society, and deriving no benefit from the college revenues, pay for the obsolete and imperfect sort of education which they are now receiving, a far higher price than is paid anywhere else (perhaps without a single exception) for the best instruction by any set of students in the world.

The charges which have recently been made against the managers of Eton are indeed heavy charges. It has been asserted that that school is rather a thriving pecuniary speculation for the benefit of the Fellows of King's College, Cambridge, than a well conducted establishment for the education of the upper classes of this country, and that the proportion of its teachers to its pupils has long been shamefully inadequate, whilst the sums annually levied from the parents and friends of the Eton oppidans, under a variety of pretences, are altogether unreasonable and exorbitant.

It will be the duty of the Royal Commissioners to declare whether these charges are well or ill founded, and to lay before the public that detailed information concerning the internal economy and management of the school which its managers have hitherto kept studiously secret. When we are made acquainted with the exact number of masters employed; the exact nature, amount, and result of their duties; and the exact profits which they derive, there will be little difficulty in deciding whether the bargain which exists between those learned gentlemen and the public is a fair one; or whether, as has been alleged on very high authority, it is a bargain which calls for immediate and thorough revision. One thing is certain, that at the present moment it is completely a blind bargain, about which nobody, save the parties who gain by it, knows anything.

The following point, in our opinion, bears most importantly on the present unsatisfactory condition of Eton school;—none of its masters have any fixed or independent salary secured to them; their emoluments rise and fall according to the number of boys at the school. It is, therefore, clearly rather their interest that Eton should be a well-filled school than that it should be a good school; that it should be popular with the boys, than that they should learn anything thoroughly there. Keeping this object in view, the Eton authorities have exaggerated to an inconceivable degree the usual temptations to idleness which exist in all schools in the shape of games and exercises. Cricket, boating, football, hockey, tennis, and fives, form, amongst the Eton oppidans, not, as they ought to do,



occasional and wholesome relaxations from study, but serious and incessant occupations to which all minor educational considerations are required to give way. If the Commissioners will inquire they will find that "the captain of the boats" at Eton, whose qualifications are purely physical, and who may be a dull, illiterate athlete, is a far more influential personage in the eyes of the masters and consequently of the pupils than the more intellectual Newcastle or Tomline prizeman; and that not only the boys who form "the eleven" at cricket, but also those who are studying for that distinction, find themselves practically obliged to devote so many hours a week to the practice of the game as to render it next to impossible that they can carry away with them from the school even the moderate amount of knowledge which is comprised in the ambiguous expression "the education of a gentleman."

A few, a very few Etonians, and those chiefly collegers, bring up to the Universities a creditable stock of Latin and Greek, the two branches of knowledge which still constitute the entire staple of an Eton education; for of modern history, of modern languages, of English composition, of mathematics and of arithmetic, even the most studious Eton boys learn next to nothing, so indifferent or incompetent are their masters on those points, and so crude and feeble—though so costly—are the arrangements made for teaching them.

The majority of boys are not willing students; they require the eye and the hand of the master to check their inclination to play and to stimulate their inclination to work; but at Eton such checks and such stimulants are unknown and impossible, in consequence of the scanty number of teachers. If a boy chooses to study, it is well; if he prefers to devote himself entirely to boating or to cricket, or to less laudable pursuits, it is equally well; the masters ostentatiously disclaiming anything like *espionage* over their pupils, who are thus left to do pretty much as they like. The result of this *laissez faire* system is, what it might be expected to be,—the boys, passing most of their time at play, like the school well, learn but little there, acquire habits of idleness and expense which are very prejudicial to them in after life, and disappoint their parents sadly when they come to be submitted to such tests as college matriculation, or examination before the Civil Service Commissioners or the Board of Military Education. The Royal Commissioners will indeed do good service if they will investigate thoroughly this question, and if they will elicit, either from the masters or the boys, the total amount of money expended every year, directly and indirectly, on account of the exaggerated and excessive amusements in which Etonians of the present day are permitted and encouraged to indulge.

There is one other subject connected with our public schools to which we would respectfully call the attention of the Commissioners. It is a subject upon which the Universities are now wisely beginning to relax, and upon which we think it would be in consonance with the present state of public feeling if our great schools were to relax also. As things now stand, no boys—save those brought up in the tenets of the Established Church—are permitted to derive the slightest educational benefit from any one of the schools included in the present inquiry. An English Dissenter, Roman Catholic, or Jew, may now enjoy whatever advantages are derivable from an English University education, but from the English public schools he is still inexorably excluded, unless, indeed, his friends are lax and indifferent as to religion, content to allow him to attend the service of one creed whilst professing another. On such discreditable and immoral conditions as these have a few Roman Catholics been admitted to Eton; but when, a short time since, one of the Orleans Princes, resident in the neighbourhood of the college, applied to the late Provost of Eton to allow his sons to join in the studies of that school, requesting at the same time their exemption from attendance at Protestant worship, his application was peremptorily rejected, and the young men were sent to study at Edinburgh, where they were readily received, and where they still are. We believe the time has arrived when such a narrow-minded policy as this might be advantageously relaxed. Indeed, it is not difficult to prove conclusively that our view on this point is shared by the foremost people in the land. The Wellington College was established a few years ago under the immediate patronage of Her Majesty and H.R.H. the late Prince Consort. Lord Derby was Vice-President, and amongst the first governors we find the names of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Dukes of Buccleuch and Northumberland, Lords Lansdowne, Salisbury, Russell, Aberdeen, Herbert, and Dalhousie. By those distinguished men were the rules of Wellington College drawn up: providing that the Protestant religion shall be the religion of the school. But the 16th rule is to this effect:—"The religious worship and teaching are according to the doctrine and principles of the Church of England; but attendance on such teaching or worship will not be required of boys whose guardians may object on the grounds of religious dissent."

If such an enlightened and liberal arrangement as this seemed good to such men as the Governors of Wellington College, it is hard to say why it should not apply with equal propriety to such schools as Eton and Harrow. Boys who are in after life to co-operate in the legislation of their country, to serve in the same ships and in the

same regiments, and to fight the battle of life on the same side under the same national flag on equal terms, might surely be educated together advantageously at the same schools,—at least so thought the governors of the Wellington College when they drew up the rules of that school, and so think we. And if a few narrow-minded clergymen who have hitherto contrived to monopolize the education of the upper classes of the English nobility and gentry persist in thinking otherwise, we consider that the Public Schools Commissioners will do well either to instil into them more liberal and rational views, or to wrest from their hands the enormous powers they have usurped, and which they wield with such disastrous results to public education. The statutes of the Eton Foundation, for which the Eton authorities profess so much reverence, can hardly be quoted against such a relaxation of the existing system with much effect, seeing that they enjoin the Provost and Fellows, under penalty of instant expulsion, to sing unceasing masses for the soul of its Royal Founder and his Consort; and invest the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Lincoln for the time being with visitatorial powers in order to enable them to see that that important duty is fulfilled to the letter.

#### THE DEFENCE OF THE COLONIES.

A VOTE of censure has been passed on the Government. The thunderbolt has fallen in a clear sky, and distant is the hand that launched it. News, we regret to say, has been brought by the last mail from the Cape, that "the Legislative Council had passed a resolution, which was in point of fact a vote of censure upon the Home Government, for the recent changes in the distribution of the troops stationed in the colony." These changes, however, which have been made with a view to economy, leave no less than four regiments of infantry in the South African colonies, in addition to the Cape Mounted Rifles, the cost of which regiment is borne by the Imperial exchequer. And although we have been spending for the last ten years from half a million to three-quarters of a million per annum on the defence of the Cape, this same Legislative Council, whose angry alarms are thus easily aroused, declined last year to pass a grant of £10,000 only, which had been voted by the House of Assembly as a contribution towards the extra allowances of the Queen's troops. And not the least among the reasons avowed by the Cape House of Assembly for refusing to incorporate British Kaffraria with the Cape Colony, is their disinclination to take upon their hands a colony which does not pay its own way. Let the mother country, they say, support her bankrupt dependencies; and this they say, knowing well that it has not been for Imperial purposes that each annexation of territory has been made. The South African colonies have grown, as they know, to their present enormous limits by the care of the mother country to satisfy that greed of land which is ever urging settlers to fresh encroachments upon the inheritance of aboriginal tribes; even so long ago as 1855, Lord Russell, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, declared explicitly, "that it was for no object of dominion or extension of territory that Great Britain wished to maintain possession of British Kaffraria. So far as the interests of the empire were concerned, British Kaffraria might be abandoned, and the eastern districts of the Cape Colony left unprotected, without injury to the power of the United Kingdom, and with a considerable saving to its finances."

While the Legislature of the Cape is passing votes of censure upon the Home Government, and showing a disposition to drive hard bargains with the mother country, what are the Canadians doing? According to the latest accounts, they have taken up what is called "a line of dignified inaction;" that is to say, they have done nothing to increase their military defences; and moreover, if we may gather their intentions from the Canadian newspapers, they do not mean to do anything. They have read the reports of the debates in both Houses on the defences of Canada, they have borne very coolly a storm of invectives at their supineness and apathy, and now they make a very simple answer to all that is urged against them. We have not (they say) the smallest apprehension of an invasion of our country; according to our belief, we never stood in less danger than we do now, for is it likely that the Americans will wantonly embark in a new and unprovoked war at this time of all others, when their blood and their treasure have been poured out like water, and they have lost half their strength by the rupture of the Union? To guard against such a bugbear as this, we will not withdraw our population from the profitable pursuits of industry to make soldiers of them, and we will not increase a large annual deficit in our revenues by a heavy military expenditure. But whether the Americans attack us or not, the risk is ours, and we choose to face it. You have given us the right to govern ourselves, and we therefore claim to manage our own affairs in our own way. The only reply an Englishman could make to this Canadian reasoning would be,—No! the risk is not wholly yours, for we hold ourselves responsible for the safety of your frontiers. And there is reason to fear, we think, that as soon as the North and the South have made a truce, the North will seek to soothe its wounded pride, and indemnify itself for territorial losses, by making a descent upon your



borders. We have, therefore, sent 12,000 troops to take a part in your defence; but as these 12,000 men will certainly be overpowered, if left without efficient support from you, we insist upon your making adequate and timely preparations. We will not trust for the safety of our soldiers and the honour of our flag to the enthusiasm of raw levies hastily collected in the hour of invasion; and we require you to raise and drill a large colonial force without further delay. This might seem a very fair reply to the Canadians; but there is no power left to the Imperial Government by which it can compel a colony, possessing the right of self-government, to drill a single militia-man, or to spend one shilling upon the repair of a fort. The state of affairs, therefore, between England and Canada amounts to this,—that the Canadians, in the legitimate exercise of an undoubted right, wholly decline to make preparations for their own defence; while the Imperial Government, from apprehensions of an invasion which the Canadians themselves consider absurd, unasked and gratuitously maintains for their protection an Imperial force, which, if that invasion ever comes to pass, will be left in a position of great jeopardy. And a state of affairs similar to that now existing in respect of Canada may of course arise at future times in the relations between the mother country and other self-governed colonies.

From this anomalous and unsatisfactory position there is but one way of escape; and matters will never be put on a proper footing till the Imperial authorities declare and resolutely establish the principle that, in the case of colonies which have the right to govern themselves, the primary responsibility of self-defence by land shall, for the future, be undertaken by the colonists. And this is a line of action, not only demanded by a due regard for the safety of our soldiers and the national honour, but essential also to the true interests of the colonies; for no "community" (as has been said by Mr. Gladstone) "which is not primarily charged with the ordinary business of its own defence is really, or can be, in the full sense of the word, a free community." The privileges of freedom and the burdens of freedom are absolutely associated together; to bear the burdens is as necessary as to enjoy the privilege, in order to form that character which is the great ornament of all freedom itself. This principle, we are told, is already conceded by the Canadians. "Everybody in Canada" (we quote the *Montreal Weekly Herald*), "just as everybody in England, admits the principle contended for in England, that every free people has imposed upon it the duty of providing for its own defence." This is all we ask. Let a system be established on this basis; and there will be an end to those irritating recriminations which are periodically exchanged between this country and some of her virtually independent colonies. But the official objection invariably made to any demand for the establishment of such a system is, the hopelessness of inducing the colonial legislatures to agree to the requisite arrangements. There is not a chance (says the Colonial Office) of a colonial government consenting to do all that we think proper for its own defence; and it is unworthy of this country to enter into long and futile negotiations about a paltry sum which is a mere fleabite on the Imperial revenues. Notwithstanding the frank admissions of the *Montreal Weekly Herald*, we should have very little hope of a satisfactory result to negotiations with the Canadian government on the subject of military defences; but there is no necessity whatever for these vexatious negotiations. If the Home Government would avoid much irritation and soreness of feeling, and at the same time secure their purpose, their course is a very plain and simple one. They have only to do what Lord Grey has done before in dealing with the Australian colonies; which colonies, by the way, have acted liberally, and are thoroughly loyal. Let them declare, once for all, their determination to put upon self-governed colonies the primary responsibility of their own defence by land; and then let them tell the Canadians what amount of military preparation is demanded of them, and on what terms the assistance of the Imperial troops will be given to them in case of an attack upon their frontiers. If the Canadians agree to these terms, well and good; a wholesome precedent will have been established; but if, on the other hand, the Canadians betray any reluctance or hesitation to consent (for time in these matters is precious), the Government should forthwith name a time at which, if a *bonâ fide* and energetic beginning of the required preparations has not been made, all the Queen's troops, including the garrisons of Quebec and Kingston, will be withdrawn from the Canadian soil. As the last red coat fades into the dimness of the horizon, a spasm of anguish may shoot through the warm heart of the Mayor of Montreal, who, in a glow of convivial patriotism, exclaimed—"No matter how many red-coats we have; the more the better, if they take not a single sou out of our pockets." But the interests of a great empire must be considered before the feelings of an individual, however estimable; and the hospitable people of Canada, having bid a long farewell to their familiar guests, will go their own ways, laughing to scorn the idea of a Yankee invasion. They will turn, not to drill, but to follow the plough and ply the axe; and every man in his leisure moments will sit peacefully under his own fig-tree.

Such a radical change in an entire system as that which we now advocate is not to be effected in a day; nor is it indeed desirable

that it should be hastily and roughly done. Only let there be no doubt about the fundamental principle of the system; and then it will rest with the War and Colonial offices to bring about the change with forbearance and moderation, making temporary and provisional concessions from the principle to such colonies as show a genuine desire to do what is expected of them. And after all, they will stand in a much better position than did our colonies in the olden time, when they would never have been allowed to lay a duty of 20 per cent. upon goods imported from the mother country. Two hundred years ago the infant colonies in America were not being swaddled and dandled into strength. England was happily to them a very step-mother,—and rough and hardy was the life in which their vigour was nurtured. Not only did the colonists wage a murderous and ceaseless warfare with Indians; not only did they hold their own against the forces of France, but by their own unaided bravery they conquered new provinces, and laid them at the foot of that throne, where they and their forefathers found nothing but injustice and oppression. Times are changed; but it is not too late to revert to what was good in the old system. And if a colony, having the burden of its own defence, should object to spend her blood and treasure in a cause which is ours and not hers, we would freely concede to her the right to stand aloof from the contest. Let these self-governed colonies make their election when the danger arises. Then, if they will, let them leave us, but if they elect to cast in their lot with ours, they would have the protection of our fleet, and such other assistance as the exigencies of war would permit. In the hour of need we should not forget that they were the flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone. And though not a man of the Queen's troops should be left to guard the Colonies, they would be to the full as secure from external attack as they are now; for whatever increases the strength of England, increases their security. A hostile power is far more likely to strike a blow at them to wound us than to injure them. But if England were really "the free mother of free nations," to whom again she could confidently leave their own defence, and strike with all her unfettered might, what enemy would venture to touch the least among the members of the great confederacy? It is not in Sydney or in Montreal that the future of the human race is being determined; the drama still runs on in the old world, and if England is to play a worthy part, she must have a shield thrown across her heart, and all the scattered elements of her strength gathered and knit together. Would that it were so now, with some Cromwell at the head of affairs for one hour! and then a voice might be heard in the councils of Europe, which would settle for ever the Italian question, and give another and a splendid victory to the cause of freedom.

#### RECLAMATION OF CRIMINALS.

WE were at some pains to show, in previous papers, in what light society should regard habitual criminals and how it should protect itself against them. We showed that they are trained enemies, plunderers, and assailants—professional and permanent, not casual, depredators and offenders. We showed that, as we cannot deter them, will not hang them, and may not transport them, there remains no means by which we can defend ourselves against them except INDEFINITE INCARCERATION. We must imprison the corrigible offenders till they are corrected, and we must imprison the incorrigible ones for life. Or, to state the proposition in its nakedest and tersest shape, we must incarcerate them all indefinitely, liberating only such as we deem to be reclaimed, and only when we judge their reclamation to be genuine and complete; restoring to them, in a word, their *power* to prey upon society only when we have regenerated or subdued their *will*. By no other means, it is abundantly obvious, can we escape from our present practice of turning loose, yearly, into the heart of the community thousands of hardened ruffians and rascals, with all their appetites and passions whetted and all their craft perfected and deepened.

There can be no sustainable objection *on principle* to this practical conclusion. It seems impossible to give any shadow of a reason why we should not shut up for ever those habitual malefactors who are for ever unfit to be let loose, nor why we should not shut up all others till they are fit to be let loose. Nay, it seems a self-evident proposition that it is not only very silly, but very wrong, to do otherwise. Some offenders, it is well known, are incorrigible. Either from bad organization, or from inveterate habits which have become as fixed as organization, it is a matter of moral certainty that, whenever liberated, they will and must recommence their hostility to society and their depredations on its members. Therefore, we affirm, the State has no right to liberate them. It sins against the community by doing so, for it wittingly lets loose upon it an insatiable and implacable foe. It sins against the convict himself by doing so, for it deliberately enables him to add to the number of his crimes, knowing perfectly well that he will avail himself of the facility it grants. The great mass of offenders, on the other hand, it is almost equally well established, are reclaimable—often, it is true, after long probation, after frequent failures, after the disappointment of many hopes, but still reclaimable at some period and by various means,—some by just severity, others



by judicious kindness, some in a few months, others not for long years. But we say of these, as we said of the others, that, till they are reclaimed, the State has no right to let them loose—it wrongs them, and it wrongs the community, if it does so; it sins alike against those whom it is bound to protect from injury and against those whom it is bound to incapacitate from crime.

The notion of imprisonment for life may, at first, startle some unthinking persons; but such may be quieted by being reminded that in the great majority of instances the criminals who will undergo this punishment are those who used formerly to be hanged; that hanging was not abandoned from any conviction that those offenders, as a rule, ought ever to be restored to society; but from certain religious or humane scruples that, if let loose, these men would soon subject themselves to recapture, and that in any case, therefore, their life *must* be a long course of imprisonment, with intervals of crime in the one case, without such intervals in the other; and, finally, that their whole career, though permanently passed in detention, need not be passed under any sharp infliction. They are shut up, not for vengeance, but for the safety of society; and in the course of time much mitigation, consistent with safe custody, might be allowed them.

Having got thus far, we have only three practical points to consider in applying the principles we have laid down:—How are we to decide between the casual offender, and the professional criminal? How are we to reclaim the corrigible? And how are we to judge of their reclamation? In determining each question, it is clear we must be satisfied with a fallible test—one which shall be rough but sound in the great majority of instances; and it is equally clear that much must always be confided to the tact and judgment of experienced officers.

1. The difficulty of distinguishing between the casual and the habitual offender is practically not great. The nature of the crime is no test, the antecedents of the criminal are an almost unfailing one. We propose after conviction to accept evidence of the antecedents of the prisoner, his haunts, his associates, his habits of life, &c.—such as shall satisfy the judge and jury that he belongs to the criminal class,—evidence which usually would not be difficult to procure nor be liable to reasonable suspicion. Or, in the absence of such evidence, we may, without risk of harshness or injustice, decide that a *previous conviction* shall in all cases be taken as proof that the subject of it belongs to the criminal class. For the circumstance of coming a second time before the bar of justice affords an irrefutable presumption, either that the man has such an inability to resist temptation, or such a proclivity to crime, that he is, or is certain to become, an habitual offender; or that his first imprisonment has produced its usual consequences, and has either fostered his proficiency in crime, or deprived him of all avenue to an honest livelihood; or that he is an established member of the confraternity that lives by depredation. We must bear in mind that on the average two *convictions* imply at least twenty offences.

2. We propose to reclaim the criminal, and to test and confirm his reclamation by the same measure. The judge should in all cases allot long terms of imprisonment, or sentences which will imply and involve long terms; and the sentences should include three divisions, *seclusion*, *atonement*, and *provision*. The judgment of the chaplain and the governor as to reformation of the convict has been repeatedly proved to be of little value. We should, therefore, leave it little weight in determining the issue. How a man behaves in gaol affords scanty presumption as to how he will behave out of it. The most crafty and hardened offender has often the greatest skill in imposing on his gaolers, and feigning the sincerest repentance and the most earnest resolutions of amendment. Independent, too, of all hypocrisy and deception, the very *impressibility* and weakness which makes a solitary man a model prisoner, will make him also a speedy relapser as soon as his liberation exposes him to other influences. But if, after a fitting period of *separate* confinement (which must in all cases be insisted upon), the criminal has to undergo a further prolonged detention, the length of which depends on the substantial proofs of altered character and habits which he is able to give, the effect will be very different. He should therefore be sentenced to make atonement for his former outrages and depredations on the community, and for the expense he has entailed upon it in providing for his maintenance and capture. He must *work out* this atonement. He must discharge such labour as shall be assigned to him, at such rate of wages as the State shall fix, till he has earned the sum which the judge, on passing sentence, shall have named, and which should never be a small one. Of the nature and forms of this labour we need not speak; they are matters of practice and detail. Handicrafts in the gaol, agricultural labour out of it, labour on useful public works, in fixed or moveable prisons, may all be resorted to in turn. Thus employed, the reflection that the convict is in a manner working for himself, and to hasten the day of his liberation, will stimulate his efforts, and will render comparatively easy and *attractive* those habits of regular and incessant industry, which else would have been irksome, and on the formation of which and *relish* for which his future safety must

depend; while the element of hope thus introduced will greatly facilitate the maintenance of discipline within the gaol.

But, even after a prisoner shall have been subdued and softened by seclusion, and taught habits of industry and skill by enforced but encouraged and atoning toil, it would still be most unsafe to discharge him without any provision for his future, or any precautions for assisting him to place his new-born virtue in favourable circumstances—in circumstances at least where he will not be surrounded by more than ordinary temptations. It should, therefore, be a portion of his sentence that he should further earn, before he can be liberated, such a sum of money as will suffice to enable him to emigrate to other shores, or to start in respectable industry at home.

Now, if the sums designed for atonement and provision are fixed at a sufficiently high amount, and there is no conceivable motive for indiscriminate leniency, the criminal, by earning them, *will have afforded the best possible presumption that he can be discharged with safety*. It is scarcely possible that a man who has passed a year in entire seclusion from all evil influences and all old associations; who has, by steady industry, for years repaid to society a fair portion of the sums of which he has defrauded it; and who has further provided himself with a fund in hand which makes him almost a capitalist at home, or will carry him to new scenes and prospects;—shall not have undergone such a real change and such a salutary penance as will render him both anxious and able to pursue an honest course henceforth, unless exposed to trials of unusual severity. He has shown what he can do; he has learned to do things which seemed hateful or impossible before; he has had little motive and no power to deceive his gaolers;—for the special representations of governor or chaplain as to bad conduct in gaol should be allowed a veto on his liberation, but no more.

How to dispose of the reformed convict when discharged, offers a wide field for practical sagacity to work in; but it is too wide to enter on here, and is beside our present purpose. Sir Walter Crofton, in Ireland, and the promoters of “Sociétés de Patronage” on the Continent, have shown what may be done in this direction at home. Government employment for those whose antecedents make it difficult for them to find private masters, may provide for many. But emigration to new shores unquestionably will be, and ought to be, the resource of the majority,—and few men we believe would make better settlers than those who had passed the last five or ten years in regular and unremitting industry, in seclusion or in good company, moderately instructed, without women, without spirits, and without tobacco.

#### POLICY-HOLDERS VERSUS SHAREHOLDERS.

THE wreck of the “Argus” is so full of instruction and warning to all persons interested in the stability of insurance companies, that we cannot regret that the communications received with reference to our recent comments on that disaster should compel us to return so soon to the subject. The circumstances which led to the breaking-up of that association were detailed in our last impression; but, though the brief account that was then given of the matter was collected solely from the speeches of the persons who took the chief part in the transaction, it does not appear to have met with their unqualified approbation. We have since received several communications on the subject, which throw more or less light on various steps of the negotiation which resulted in the transfer of the business of the “Argus” to the “Eagle,” but these communications do not in the slightest degree modify the impressions which were originally formed from perusing a report of the meeting of the shareholders of the “Argus,” nor do they in any material respect impeach the accuracy of the account which has been already offered to our readers. The more complete information which the discussion has elicited serves only to put in a clearer light some of the mischiefs that may arise from the system of amalgamations now so prevalent amongst insurance companies.

The chief features of the case may be recalled in a few words. The “Argus” has been established for more than thirty years, and has hitherto been considered a prosperous society. The accumulated fund, arising from the investment of the premiums on policies, amounted to more than half a million. This was the sum available for meeting the liabilities of the office; and it is obvious that a comparison between the amount of such a fund and the amount of the liabilities will always afford a good test of the manner in which a company has been conducted. Now, it is clear that, inasmuch as the “Eagle” has offered to undertake the whole of these liabilities, in consideration of receiving, in round numbers, £360,000, which is little more than two-thirds of the fund now in the hands of the “Argus,” there was no pretence for saying that the latter company had been an unsuccessful one. It is right, however, to state that there had been, since 1859, a considerable falling-off in the new business coming to the office. This being the state of things at the beginning of the present year, a shareholder, named Mr. G. C. Russell, conceived the idea of amalgamating it. This gentleman was described at the meeting as a person of very great experience in insurance matters. There is among the directors of the “Eagle” a gentleman named



Mr. G. C. Russell, and if, as is most probably the case, he is identical with the amalgamator of the "Argus," there will be no difficulty in accounting for his experience in this particular branch of the subject. No director can sit long in the board-room of the "Eagle" without becoming practically conversant with all the details of amalgamation. The "Argus," however, was not a society that could be taken by a sudden assault, and Mr. Russell accordingly opened his parallels at a distance. He commenced operations by a letter addressed to the proprietors of the "Argus," the sting of which was contained in the corner, which was marked, "*Important to shareholders.*"

In this letter he suggests the idea that it would be for their benefit to sell the office to some well-established company, and informs them that it would be possible to realize £60 a share by such a sale, though their shares were then only worth in the market £28. As a matter of fact, the shareholders have realized about £53 a share by the transfer of their company to the "Eagle." It is worth while to notice how it happens that they have received so much larger a sum than the shares were worth in the market. This result was obtained by distributing amongst them a part of that fund which had been accumulated by the investment of premiums, and which ought to have been held by the company for the purpose of meeting its liabilities. At the general meeting, which followed shortly after, a committee of inquiry was appointed "to consider what steps should be taken for the benefit of all parties interested in the Argus Life Assurance Company," and to report the result of their investigations to a special meeting of the shareholders. The members of that committee were, with a single exception, persons of great experience in insurance matters, and especially in amalgamations. Several of them gave a list of defunct companies at whose dissolution they had assisted, and they went through the doleful list with the same sort of satisfaction with which an Indian counts the scalps of enemies whom he has slain. Mr. Russell and Mr. Pinckard had each a modest list of three or four to show; but the trophies of these gentlemen paled before those of Mr. Lloyd. Saul had slain his thousands, but David his tens of thousands. Mr. Lloyd admits to have been concerned in about twenty or thirty of these cases. A member of the committee has since informed us that in these instances Mr. Lloyd was acting in his professional capacity as a barrister. Is it the fact, then, that Mr. Lloyd was acting professionally at the meeting of the "Argus"? If so, he ought to have appeared with a brief in his hand. It is no doubt, on the whole, conducive to the ends of justice, that a class of professional advocates should exist, but it is absolutely essential that these persons should appear in their true character. It is evident that this committee of amalgamators entered on their inquiry with a foregone conclusion, and they very speedily came to the resolution to amalgamate the "Argus." The directors, however, had by that time ascertained from the highest legal authorities that the proposed scheme was illegal, although we are told that some of them afterwards found themselves compelled to vote for it. The public will be quite content to take the opinion of Sir Fitzroy Kelly and Sir Hugh Cairns on that point. Indeed it is sufficiently obvious that, if the directors of the "Argus" have been in the habit of holding out to the public that persons insuring in that office had the security of a certain fund which was held by trustees for the purpose of meeting their liabilities, they cannot afterwards, merely of their own motion, and without the consent of the policy-holders, take this fund and hand over some of it to another company, distributing the residue amongst themselves. Such practised amalgamators were not, however, to be daunted by trifles, and they succeeded in effecting the transfer in the manner previously explained.

The question will naturally occur to many, why the committee proceeded with such hot haste in the work of amalgamation. The business of the "Argus" had been declining for a short period only, while the whole previous career of the company had been one of uninterrupted success. Why did the committee resort at once to the scheme of amalgamation with the "Eagle" without any effort to revive the business of their own society? Those who know how these affairs are generally managed will imagine that they expected remuneration from the "Eagle." We are happy to state that this has not been the case in the present instance. We have received positive assurance from the chairman of the committee, the Rev. John Congreve, that neither he nor any of his colleagues has received, or expects to receive, any consideration whatever for their labours; and we give entire credence to this statement. At the same time we cannot help saying that the directors of the "Eagle" have shown themselves singularly ungrateful in not recognizing the services of these gentlemen. Every insurance company is in the habit of paying its agents for bringing even a single policy to the office; but the "Eagle" has hardly thanked the gentlemen who have taken over to them, at a single stroke, the business of a large company with an annual income of more than £80,000. This is surely not the mode of doing business which has raised the "Eagle," in a very few years, from an income of £60,000 to one of £300,000. And there is no doubt that, if persisted in, it will put a great check on the business of amalgamation which that company has hitherto carried on with so much success. But, though the directors of the "Eagle" are ungrateful, the gentlemen who effected the

transfer of the "Argus" have not gone without their reward. It has been already stated, that when Mr. Russell first suggested the scheme of amalgamation, the shares of the "Argus" stood at about £28. By the sale to the "Eagle" each of these shares will realize, according to the statement made at the meeting, the sum of £53. The gain on each share was, therefore, £25; and the gentlemen who effected the amalgamation benefited themselves and the other shareholders to that extent. Mr. Congreve, the chairman of the committee, says, in a letter which he has addressed to us, "I have attended every meeting, have travelled over 4,000 miles on the business, have spent more than £50; have never received, or hoped to receive, a farthing for my share in the business, nor have my colleagues." This gentleman was the holder of 100 shares in the "Argus," and by the transfer of that company to the "Eagle" he will realize a sum of £2,500 more than he would have done if he had sold his shares in the market. This will surely compensate him for all his exertions in the matter. Other members of the committee were holders of fifty shares, and will receive £1,250 for their share of the trouble. It is evident, therefore, that by accepting the proposed scheme of amalgamation, the shareholders have done well for themselves; and all credit is due to those shareholders who opposed the transfer on the grounds of its illegality, though they were thereby acting against their own interest. In the mean time, the policy-holders have not even been consulted on the subject; and it is in their security that the public are chiefly interested. When the officers and crew of a ship form the determination to run her aground, it is not sufficient to secure their own escape; some thought should be given to the safety of the passengers. It is not our intention to offer any opinion as to the provision which the amalgamators of the "Argus" have made in this respect. It is sufficient to say that the fund to which the Policy-holders trusted has been disposed of, and that another security has been substituted, without their consent, in the place of that for which they contracted.

One of the most striking features in the amalgamation of the "Argus" is, that the shareholders obtained more for their shares than if they had carried on the company. Every one knows what a dangerous position a ship is in when her owner has more to gain by her loss at sea than by her safe arrival in port. And yet this is exactly the position in which many successful companies stand with reference to their shareholders. If the management has been prudent, the accumulated fund is considerably more than sufficient to meet its liabilities. Thus, in the case of the "Argus," two-thirds of the assets were, in the opinion of the directors of the "Eagle," sufficient to meet the liabilities. The project of amalgamation is therefore a scheme for enabling the shareholders to distribute amongst themselves the remaining one-third, which they could not otherwise lay hands on till every existing liability was fully discharged. This is evidently a state of things full of danger to the existence of insurance companies; and, if some strong measures are not speedily taken, the amalgamation of these societies will proceed with frightful rapidity.

#### OUT OF TOWN.

WHEN Sir Barnes Newcome wished to prevent his uncle, the colonel, from paying his respects to Lady Kew, he did not scruple to inform him that his venerable relative was paying a visit to Lord Wallsend in a remote part of Scotland. It is true her ladyship was at that very moment residing in her own house in Mayfair. But the shutters were up, the servants were on leave of absence, and if the colonel had called himself, he would have been told the same story. The simple old officer did not hesitate to express his opinion that the statement was a lie. The world in general would be disposed to say that perhaps Sir Barnes was carrying it rather far. He should not have mentioned names. If he had merely declared, in a casual way, that Lady Kew was out of town, it would have been very little more untrue than the "not at home" which polite society so generally uses in a more than elastic sense. "Out of town" in the autumn is not so much expressive of locality as of condition. When the season is over, the individual, as far as London is concerned, has ceased to be. In respect of the relations which he wishes to exist for the present between society and himself, he is virtually staying at Lord Wallsend's as much as he is remaining in Park-lane. Socially, he is intangible, impalpable, invisible, unvisitable. Physically and materially his flesh and bones are in London as much as ever; but if the laws of society were to be domineered over by the laws of space, what room would society have left for the play of mind and fancy? "Out of town" is clearly a phase or condition, and it is one which the Upper Ten Thousand pass through as regularly and naturally as serpents change their skins.

In almost all cases, certainly, an actual retirement into the country is found necessary for ladies and gentlemen who live in town. Business and pleasure are alike hard work for Englishmen, and there is no rest like change of scene. But something much more is intended by the retirement than a mere abandonment of the parks. What is meant is, that business and pleasure shall alike put off their working dress. It is impossible that the high pressure of the London season should be sustained throughout the year; and it is hard to say whether a relief is most needed for those who labour at their duties or those who labour at their amusements. August brings a



social *déshabille*. If it were only for the sake of getting rid of rigorous costumes, it would be worth while to get into the country. The very thought of wearing old clothes makes the limbs feel young again. The exchange of demure rows of houses for the fresher outlines of hedge and hill, is a delight which dwellers in the country cannot know. Pleasant, too, is the atmosphere without smoke, and pleasant the roads without the noise of cabs. But it is not any one of these pleasures, or all of them together, which we value most highly in entering upon the annual English holiday. It is the absence of that nameless pressure of which the dull noisy streets are a type; that feeling of being always on show, always ready for inspection, always on our best behaviour. There is something very thorough in the severity with which we give ourselves up even to the pleasures of London life, which few in all probability could bear if it were not for the delicious repose which comes with the fall of the year. Possibly the complete abandonment, for a time, of these severities is characteristic as well. It may be worth while briefly to consider in what this abandonment actually consists, and how far the change is a real one.

Gustavus III., King of Sweden, used, it is said, to wear the Grand Cross of the Order of the Seraphim on his nightgown. He was a prince much addicted to stars and decorations; and he had brought himself to believe, if the story be a true one, that his cross of the Seraphim was a real, and not an artificial distinction. Taking this view, the jewel actually ennobled its wearer, and it might be carried with perfect propriety on a desert island in the dark. The mistake, if we examine it, proves to be nothing else than the ultimate exaggeration of the idea of personal dignity; and it is a stretch of that idea very little worse than that which many of our fellow-countrymen have adopted. Banish all trace of feudal theories from our conceptions of personal dignity, and it is surprising how thin a phantom remains. Supposing we were to ask some representative member of good society—some one of that class which loves the chief boxes at theatres, and to be called of men “your lordship”—wherein he wished it to be thought that his personal greatness lay. There is hardly anything that he could distinctly specify which is not within the reach of money and good looks. The fact is, that we deliberately set up an artificial dignity to worship. That it is so artificial is, in our opinion, its chief merit. We have no objection distinctly to make-believe that there is a divinity that doth hedge a gentleman. It is a convenient barrier behind which to intrench ourselves against the rude assaults of a bustling and stirring life. Once give it a substance, it becomes immediately ridiculous. It is said of a certain nobleman now living, that he once travelled through Europe without ever leaning back in the railway-carriage. He would never allow himself to be seen relaxing for a moment his position of upright loftiness. We cannot vouch for the story, but that it should have been even invented shows the extent to which this artificial idea of dignity is capable of giving itself reality. It has somehow come about that we have tacitly agreed on certain reserves, formulas, majestic bearings, polite abstinences, as an integral part of gentlemanly demeanour; and these not by any means for their own sake, but for general convenience in pushing our way through life. They are the padding of civil society, the encumbrances with which a comfortable *déshabille* is sure to be ready to dispense. A gentleman “out of town” will wear easy clothes; he will not consider himself bound to make calls at inconvenient hours; he will give parties for the sake merely of enjoyment; he will talk to a labouring man if he comes across him; he will not be ashamed to eat as he likes, play as he likes, talk as he likes. In short—we use the word advisedly—he will be “undignified.”

The other chief ingredient in our enjoyment of the holidays is that we have different things to think about from those of our ordinary life. It is with a face of the utmost seriousness that we begin our conversation in the railway carriage by remarking to the farmer in the adjacent compartment that the oats look poorish, but there is some body about the wheat. When he mentions that, on the contrary, the wheat is below the average, while the oats are rather a good crop, we feel, at the moment that we explain that such was exactly our meaning, a kind of wild ambition to adopt henceforward the profession of agriculture, and go in heavily for rotation of crops. With the same enthusiasm we learn all about the entries for the St. Leger, listen acutely, under pretence of slumber, to the yachting-men, who are conversing about the rig of the *Alarm*, and wonder, in the intervals of all the other topics of the country, what on earth we can have been doing all our lives that we have not paid more attention to the subject of model cottages. No doubt Prime Ministers do the same, and swear to themselves, as they pass by fields and villages, that nature meant them all along for a country life. We have often wondered whether our leading politicians really care for shooting pheasants as much as they wish to persuade themselves that they do. If there had been any birds to shoot in this unfortunate 1862, how thoroughly this past week would have banished from our heads all thoughts of politics and scandals! Not that at the bottom of our hearts we love partridges more, but that we desire to think of politics less. It is, perhaps, most of all when we take up our country newspaper that we feel what it is to be out of town. These are the things which we are to think of for the next six weeks! “We must apologise for again calling the attention of our readers to a subject which we cannot allow to drop, that of the Hogton turnpike-trust.” Drop the subject? Heaven forbid! Turnpike roads are the very things we have come down particularly to hear about. There is something fresh and invigorating in the idea of a turnpike which we do not get in town. “The children were afterwards regaled with tea and buns, and

after singing the National Anthem, and giving three cheers for the vicar and his lady, went home highly delighted with the festivities of the day.” To be sure they did—how much more would they have done so if they had been at Westminster all the day before, and at a couple of receptions in the evening! School treats are a topic to which we have not as yet given much attention; we will certainly attend the next. The politics of our newspapers are not, perhaps, so complete a change from the business of the season; at the same time, the proposal to impeach the Ministry is a genial and healthy thought, which would never in all probability have occurred to us in town. Then the boards of guardians, the cricket matches, the great gooseberries, now banished from the daily press, the letters to the editor on church-rates, the horticultural society of Hogton—what a new life this is that we are to lead, if our newspaper is but a fair sample of it! We seem to be in a new world. Whether or not the duke and duchess, who have been entertaining a select circle at their country house, manage to change their thoughts and habits in the same way, we cannot presume to determine. All we can confidently assert is, that the duke has to preside at the agricultural dinner next week, and the duchess must give up two whole days to the flower-show, and there is a trial of steam-ploughs to follow it, and cub-hunting begins very shortly; and if they manage to retain the ideas of city life throughout the coming fortnight, they do not deserve to be “out of town” at all.

There is something grand, after all, in the idea of living hard. Physiologists tell us that our fever of hard work cannot last for ever, and that our race must be wearing itself out. No one was ever yet persuaded to abandon a career of energy from the suggestion that it would hurt him in the end, and there seems but little chance at present of converting Englishmen, by pure argument, into Spaniards. Our well-wishers may derive consolation from the fact that however hard our work, we never neglect our holiday. And what is true of physical and intellectual work, may be true of social arrangements. The arbitrary distinctions of rank, the senseless hypocrisies, the capricious regulations of fashion, have furnished moralists long ago with plentiful food for complaint. A people that live on such vanities, they may well cry, must lose its vigour in time; the thousand insincerities and trivialities by which nature in us is overwhelmed, cannot end in nothing. True health cannot be promoted by so much that is artificial and untrue. These prophets of evil may find their answer, if any is to be found, in the relaxation which these favoured months of the year bring to weary society. With the same deliberation with which we assert and maintain those fanciful and arbitrary rules, we now agree to forego them. Apollo, the god of elegance as well as the healer of pestilence, does not always keep his bow on the stretch. For a few weeks longer we shall enjoy the refreshing privilege of living as our fancy chooses, and worshipping Mother Nature. Then we shall go back to our work, submit our necks to the authority of the world, and live as ladies and gentlemen of good *ton* and rigid propriety should.

#### BALZAC.

THE works of the French novelists of the first half of the present century form a singular department of literature, and have acquired a position almost peculiar to themselves. By a French novel, we understand something more than a novel written in French, just as our fathers understood by French principles something different from principles professed by Frenchmen. The characteristics generally ascribed by popular belief to such productions are not unfairly denoted by the well-known nickname, “the literature of despair.” They are supposed to present a fearful combination of profound ability with awful wickedness, and to represent the proceedings of a pandæmonium tenanted by devils of even more than average cleverness. This impression prevails at least as widely in France as in England, and probably it is more implicitly accepted, and acted on with less qualification in the respectable part of French society, than in our own country. It would be absurd to speak of it as unfounded, but it is not altogether just, and it is well worth while to give a little time to inquiring into its justice, as it affects some of the most celebrated of the writers to whom it relates. We lately took an opportunity of making some observations upon the subject, in connection with the ablest and most healthy writer of the class in question, M. de Bernard, and we propose, on the present occasion, to attempt to perform a similar task in relation to Balzac.

Balzac was born near Tours, in 1799, and died at Paris, on August 19th, 1850. After the completion of his education he made various false starts in life, and, amongst other things, wrote a whole series of utterly unsuccessful novels, of which he was so much ashamed that he never republished or otherwise acknowledged them. After some years, however, he hit the vein which he had searched so perseveringly for, and from that period till the end of his life he continued to pour out novels at a rate which no writer of eminence in our own country has ever exceeded, though one or two have made nearly as many. According to his sister, he got into difficulties in early life, and having given his creditors bills, which mounted up with characteristic rapidity, had to write against his duns, and was accordingly prevented from doing himself full justice. One of his literary friends, who has published his recollections of him, says that Balzac’s life was passed so much in a world of his own creating, that it was impossible to make out how much of it was fact and how much fiction, and that his friends generally believed that the debts of which he complained so much were due to imaginary creditors. However this may have been, it is indisputably true,



and it is a truth which gives much of their colour to Balzac's works, that he was essentially a hack writer—a man condemned by inexorable necessity, of one sort or another, to pass the whole of his life in the manufacture of novels, the materials of which he had to collect for the purpose as well as he could, without any of the assistance which many writers derive from experience gained in other walks of life. His books can hardly be criticised fairly without bearing in mind this fact. It excuses their number, and accounts, in some measure, for their insolent air of omniscience, and for the constant disproportion between the claims which the author advances and the degree in which he succeeds in making them good.

The pretension to be in possession of some peculiar knowledge, by which they could, if they pleased, solve all the various problems of life, is by no means uncommon with novelists. Many of them write as if they were blandly unconscious of the fact that in their works mysteries ineffable are to be traced, as in a glass darkly, and that their sneers or smiles indicate to the world at large truths which, if they only knew it, would go far to set human society to rights, though the writer himself does not think it worth his while to reduce them to the commonplace form in which they would be available for practical purposes. Several eminent novelists by profession, especially in our own times, have more or less of this pretension, but Balzac had it to an extent scarcely exemplified, and it supplies one of the most remarkable features of his works. There is hardly any subject, social, professional, political, or literary, on which he does not find means to intimate some decisive opinion, often as paradoxical as it is decisive. He could teach every human creature the proper way to perform his function in life, and could describe with equal confidence the manner in which lawyers should conduct their causes, merchants manage their business, préfets govern their departments, and men of all other occupations transact the duties of their respective positions. There was, no doubt, a great deal of affectation and a great deal of imposture about this, but it is marvellously well done, considering the difficulty of doing it at all. If an Englishman had undertaken to be a social cyclopædia, he would probably have been conscious that he was a good deal of a humbug, and would have betrayed that consciousness by his way of writing. He would have felt that, after all, his knowledge of business, of art, of law, and of other such matters, was superficial, and got up for the occasion, and would have deprecated criticism by intimating in some way or other his own consciousness that he was only pretending to know about these subjects without intending to claim any real knowledge of them. It is altogether different with Balzac. He takes himself quite *au sérieux*. Whatever he has to say he says with as much good faith as if he had devoted his whole life to studying the subject, and were bringing out, not chance knowledge, but mature reflections, carefully pondered over and laboriously verified.

Obviously thin, and presumably incorrect as Balzac's information is upon this vast variety of subjects, it furnishes the most interesting part of his books. He had the rare gift of an intensely vigorous and most prosaic imagination. He may not have known much about the subjects on which he wrote, but what he did know he succeeded in working up into pictures which, whether true or not, were at any rate coherent, detailed, and specific, to a perfectly marvellous degree. Probably his notion of the interior of a public office, for example, may have been inexact, but the public officer which he draws in *Les Employés* might have existed perfectly well, and he draws it down to the cracks and blots on the desks, gives the names, duties, and salaries of every different clerk, and describes the building so minutely that his account of it would almost do for a ground-plan. In the same way no one need believe that Balzac knew much about business, but he perfectly revels in detailing all the particulars connected with the incomes of his characters. He specifies precisely the value of all their property, real and personal, the conditions under which it would come into their possession, its incumbrances, the manner in which it might be applied to the payment of their debts, its gradual changes in value, and in a word every particular which a family solicitor would have to communicate to his clients. To foreigners who are curious to know what sort of thing the every-day routine of French life is, this is extremely interesting. However they may suspect such representations of being shallow and incorrect, their mere coherency and credibility are in themselves strong evidence of their general resemblance to the truth; and to a foreigner this general resemblance is matter of greater importance than technical accuracy. It is hardly a caricature to say that Balzac has to a great extent succeeded in effecting, with regard to France, what such books as Bekker's *Gallus* and *Charicles* aim at with regard to Ancient Rome and Athens. He has given life to the upholstery and every-day business relations of his contemporaries. So long as his books are remembered, no one need be at a loss to know what sort of business was transacted in France in the days of Louis Philippe, and what the common routine of every-day life looked like.

This is the strong point of Balzac's novels. Their weak point is that the characters are monstrous in the direct ratio of their importance. In so far as they relate to matters of detail and are occupied with second-rate commonplace people, Balzac's novels leave little to desire; but the heroes and heroines are, for the most part, people who never can have existed except in the mind of their author. Balzac seems to have supposed that, by painting all the subordinate parts of his pictures with the minuteness and apparent authenticity and good faith of a Dutch artist, he could, as it were, reflect credibility on any figure, however monstrous, which he might introduce,—

that if his prison and his *juge d'instruction* were drawn from the life, there could be no objection to the introduction of a *forçat* of surpassing magnanimity and genius, combining the most profound reflections upon men and things with vices of which murder and robbery were perhaps the most natural and excusable, and passing, without any apparent effort, from the society of the heroes of the *bagne* to that of Cabinet Ministers. The character of Vautrin may, perhaps, be an extreme illustration, but in nearly every case Balzac mistakes extravagance for strength. His only notion of greatness is something which makes people stare. Perhaps three times out of five this effect is produced by enormous wickedness. In the remaining cases it results from stupendous genius, enduring from the tyranny of society a sort of *peine forte et dure*. If his hero is not such a rascal that the presence of ten such men in one city might lead the others to expect fire from heaven, he is a genius of whom the world is not worthy, earning half-a-crown a day by copying, or living on air in a garret. He can never be at once quiet and impressive.

The plots of Balzac's novels correspond with the characters who enact them. They possess some admirable qualities in a very high degree. They are constructed with the greatest care, they never drag when once fairly set going (which, however, is rather a tedious business), and they abound—though they are not overcrowded—with striking incidents and dramatic situations artistically introduced. Their subject matter is, generally speaking, detestable. It generally suggests the notion that the scene ought to have been laid, not in modern Europe, but on the site of the Dead Sea, in the time of Abraham and Lot. A considerable number of the most popular of Balzac's books form, collectively, the most outrageous libel on the nation in which they were written that the wit of man ever produced. The heartlessness, the brutal sensuality, and the subtle all-pervading prurience which many of them assume as the average state of mind which may be reckoned on as a matter of course in French society, could not exist to any great extent without making all society impossible. Happily the libel refutes itself. France is certainly not the marvellous and altogether unparalleled phenomenon which it claims to be, but it is a very great nation, and if such novels as Balzac's represented any considerable section of it, it would be nothing more than a Norfolk Island on a large scale.

This is notorious enough, and is no doubt the foundation of the general opinion which prevails as to the characteristics of French novels in general, but it is not the whole truth. Like many of his countrymen, Balzac appears to have had a strange taste for theoretical wickedness. It seems to have been the only sort of excitement which he cared for or understood; but he always gives the impression that his wickedness was not genuine. He only wanted to be impressive, and took the easiest way of doing it. His quieter novels are sometimes not merely harmless, but beautiful, and several of them, "Eugénie Grandet," for example, go far to show that though good qualities did not excite him so much as bad ones, he liked them better, and painted them, on the whole, with greater truth and sympathy.

The general inference which Balzac's books suggest as to the character of the nation for which they were written, and which they claim to describe, is rather intricate. They are obviously meant to be read by the disreputable part of French society, and to caricature the respectable portion of it. The question, therefore, is, what sort of society must that be against which war is declared by writers of this stamp? What is the general direction of the current from which this is the rebound? The answer to such a question must, of course, be very complicated. Probably one part of it would be that the conventional restraints to which French society is generally subjected must be uncommonly strong; that their established code of morals must be prudish and meddling; and that the general course of life, so far as it came under Balzac's observation, must have been such that if a man found the common routine of life press heavily upon him, the only course open to him was that of making love to other men's wives and perpetrating the sort of iniquities which find work for criminal courts. The general groundwork of society must be very tame when a man has to be constantly breaking the sixth and seventh Commandments in order to get up any sort of sensation.

#### LORD JOHN MANNERS AT LEICESTER.

ALL the rank and fashion—all the wit and wisdom that a London season gathers into one blazing focus—are now scattered far and wide, shedding solitary rays in distant and secluded places. The Queen, in a castle of the German duchy, whence came the husband whose untimely loss she mourns, still courts the retirement of early widowhood. The Prince of Wales, happier in his betrothed than is the ordinary lot of crowned heads and heirs-apparent, has been passing time with the Danish girl who soon will be his bride; and the Lords and Commons are all in their country-houses, performing those important duties of which they are solemnly admonished in the speech from the throne at the end of the session. The doors of the great play-house at Westminster are closed. The curtain has dropped, the manager has made his last bow, the audience and the actors have gone to their homes, the lights are all out, and silence reigns in the halls of talk. The London season is ended; the star of the metropolis has set, and the provinces have their hour. The illustrious company of actors is broken up, and each one hastens to a provincial stage for the luxury of applause unshared by a rival. And day by day there are borne to our ears the echoes of the distant plaudits that greet each performer as he plays his well-known



part before a small but enraptured circle. Every man is now twice himself. The "heavy fathers" of the House draw inspiration from a congenial atmosphere, and grow heavier as they gaze upon solemn rows of rustic forms before them; while the comedians, feeling secure from fastidious criticism, cut their worst jokes for the delight of the uproarious crowds that throng the town-halls of free and independent boroughs. From county to county, and from town to town, the Prime Minister has been prancing gaily on his favourite charger, the National Defences, and couching his lance at imaginary invaders, with all the fire and more than the vigour of Don Quixote. Mr. Roebuck, true to the unerring instincts of his genial nature, has hit upon sentiments which every Englishman would wish to remain unavowed, and has felicitously given utterance to them in the most offensive manner. And, last in the list of varied performances, Lord John Manners has appeared in his wonted character of Lord Dundreary turned poet and statesman.

The scene which his lordship chose for the curtain to rise on his graceful presence was the town of Leicester; and the occasion was the annual meeting of the Sparkenhoe Farmers' Association, of which it is sufficient to say that Lord John Manners "only spoke the sentiments of his heart when he stated his profound conviction that it was conducive to the best interests of the community at large." From all the neighbouring counties the squires and farmers were gathered together, and the old town of Leicester had decorated itself with flags in honour of its guests. Fine weather, as usual in this famous isle, was the one thing wanting to complete the success of the meeting; and after a day spent in splashing among the pens of stock on a muddy race-course, came the inevitable dinner, without which any institution on English soil must languish and die. But there was a feature of this dinner which won for it a lonely preeminence among public dinners of its kind. To the immortal honour of the Sparkenhoe Farmers, be it known that they alone have invited the softer sex to carouse with themselves; and so among the farmers were sprinkled the ladies, and over all presided Lord John Manners, the "Corinthian capital" of this polished society. After the dinner came the toasts, and the speech of the evening from the chair:—

"While words of learned length and thund'ring sound  
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;  
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all he knew."

And after the speech came the distribution of prizes by the President, "accompanied generally" (as the reporters say) "with a few words of advice, and now and then a facetious observation." What a picture do these few words bring before the eyes of every right-minded Englishman who can reverently say, "Thank God, we have a House of Lords!" Here was a statesman, the accomplished scion of a ducal house, with the bluest of blood in his veins, descending familiarly to the level of "the bold peasantry," sober and serious with the men, tender and gay with the milkmaids. The age of chivalry and the age of pastoral idylls have met together and kissed each other in a sloppy tent at Leicester.

As Lord John Manners has, perhaps, talked in his time as much nonsense as any man living of his years, and has, moreover, embodied in a deathless couplet the very silliest sentiment that has found expression in the last half-century, it will always be a matter of philosophical interest to hear what he has to say on any subject. But we must confess to having risen from the study of his speech the other day at Leicester with a sense of disappointment. There are in it remarks which, though they are true, are not new; and there are also in it other remarks which, though they are not new, are not, in our opinion, true; but there is nothing in it worthy to share the immortality of the prophet's sublimer utterances in times past. Once only did the old poetic leaven work slightly within him, and give the farmers a glimpse of his pristine frenzies. It was when he alluded to the new milking-machines. "He did not know," he said, "whether the implement which they had yesterday witnessed outside that tent was destined gradually to diminish the demand for milkmaids, but, in his humble opinion, if the very ingenious invention which they had seen in operation proved to be really practicable, it would succeed in diminishing her highly-honoured and picturesque labour." A poet may be permitted to indulge in a gentle regret, as he contemplates the approaching time when, in the place of a pretty milkmaid with her primitive pail, there will be seen a clownish boy, perhaps, grinding a cow with a pair of handles; but if any such regret cast a passing cloud over the prophetic soul of Lord John Manners, it was not suffered to remain. The poet yielded, and the statesman triumphed. Casting a retrospective glance at the history of the last quarter of a century, he invited the Sparkenhoe farmers to make a wholesome note of the folly and the ignorance of their youthful prejudices. "In those days," he reminded them, "it was very common to believe that implements and machinery employed in agricultural operations tended to diminish the wages of agricultural labourers, and a good deal of doubt and angry feeling existed in consequence. And now they had lived long enough to see that no such result had been occasioned." Still, when the occupation of a class is gone, and they are left without a source of immediate sustenance, experience preaches in vain to empty stomachs; and therefore every new discovery runs the risk of an attack from the vested interests at which it strikes a blow. The mournful array of martyrs to science must have passed before the cultivated mind of the speaker, as he reflected that the milkmaids might rise in their blind wrath and smash the milking-machines. The moment was a critical one, and Lord John Manners rose to the gravity of the occasion. Before the company parted, he warned the Leicestershire milk-

maids to accept the milking-machine, should it prove a success, in the enlightened spirit of political economy, and not to take their place in history among the infuriated rabbles who, each in their generation, have destroyed the products of science, and persecuted the benefactors of mankind.

The greater part, however, of Lord John Manners' speech was devoted to a vindication of the practice of giving rewards to agricultural labourers for excellence in various moral qualities. This practice, "no unimportant part of practical agriculture, was to recognize the honesty, integrity, perseverance, and enduring pluck of the English peasantry." And then, with lofty and serene wisdom, his Lordship went on to say that "he knew it was the fashion to say of this portion of the proceedings of agricultural societies, that these proceedings would be more honoured in the breach than in the observance; but in that opinion he did not share. Those objections were founded on the most shallow and mistaken view of the question altogether." Is Saul also among the prophets? was the question asked of old; and we now are tempted to ask, Is Lord John Manners also among the true and infallible philosophers, that he should talk in this peremptory strain? It has been objected, it seems, by those who entertain "a most shallow and mistaken view," in other words, a view different from Lord John Manners', that the rewards distributed are utterly inadequate to the virtues of which they profess to be the recompense. But this flimsy objection is very summarily disposed of. "Could it be supposed [was the indignant query] that the Victoria Cross, for instance, was a complete and perfect recompense for the great and grand deeds that had earned it?" And then, amid the rapturous applause of the audience, followed the triumphant answer. "No; the soldier and the sailor received their decorations as a mark of the satisfaction and the gratitude of their sovereign and their country. And he would venture to state, that when the cottagers—the noble peasantry of this country—received the cards indicating the prizes they had won upon occasions such as the present, they did so with a feeling of honest pride, and no one need be ashamed who was concerned in it, either of the giving or the receiving of such a testimonial." Peace has its victories; and the ploughboy, no less than the soldier and the sailor, has his warfare. His march is along the fresh-turned furrow, and the untiring foes, with whom he has to cope, are the combined elements of a sunless climate, and the stubborn parsimony of a sterile soil. If in the long warfare he comes out a victor, and wrests trophies from the foe, let him have all honour and glory among his fellowmen, and a card from the nearest agricultural society. Flights of rhetoric transport us to a lofty and rarified atmosphere, where we become breathless and our perceptions grow dim; but sooner or later we must descend, if we would not die; and with our return to the dull prosaic earth, our faculties awake from their lethargy. And as we descend from an aerial ascent with Lord John Manners, it gradually breaks upon us that after all there is little or no analogy between the Victoria Cross and the card which the conquering labourers put in the front of their hats, or wherever else they are in the habit of wearing them. The Victoria Cross and other decorations which come from the hand of the Sovereign are current coin of honour in every corner of the realm. Their value is recognized, and they are at once accepted for what they are. But is it so with the badges that are the gifts of agricultural societies? Do the proud recipients of these honours venture to appear with them even on the next market-day of the nearest market-town? And if they do, is their appearance anything but ridiculous? One would have fancied, too, that the victor's joy must be robbed of half its bloom by the thought that the same societies which award prizes to meritorious labourers, also award them to meritorious cattle, and poultry, and pigs. But if after such a meeting as that at Leicester, the prize cattle, and poultry, and pigs, and the prize labourers all return to their homes, made happy by the recognition of their various merits, and greeted by the inspiring strains of "See the conquering hero comes;" and if Lord John Manners, having been the eloquent organ of a body of judges, soothes himself, as he puts out his candle and steps into bed, with the idea that he has played a great part on a great occasion, that he has administered a wholesome rebuke to the shallow ignorance of his countrymen, and that he has done much to secure the attachment of the lower orders and the animals by his aristocratic condescension,—who then would wish to deprive any of these parties of such innocent little delights?

#### THE KIRKDALE CAVERN.

OUR geological friends, who are nowadays constantly putting forward new and more heretical views concerning the earth and its inhabitants, and as to the manner in which they came into their present condition, cannot always expect to be allowed to promulgate their obnoxious theories without gain-saying. Some champion of orthodoxy will now and then arise and throw himself in the way, usually producing about as much effect, as regards the progress of scientific inquiry, as the unhappy victim who casts his body beneath the wheels of an advancing railway-train. A short time ago, that well-known writer and popular preacher, Mr. P. H. Gosse, started a most simple and easy explanation of the whole range of geological phenomena which have puzzled so many wise heads. His theory was, that just as the first man had been created with certain signs on his person of previous attachment to a mother who had never lived, so the earth might have been called into being with her body full of the remains of former worlds which had never existed. An Oxford divine, who recently declared his conviction that fossils had been placed underground by the author of evil, in order to tempt sinning savans



into unbelief of the Holy Scriptures, put matters in a still simpler light, but hardly exceeded Mr. Gosse in the extravagance of his ideas. A new opponent of the progress of scientific inquiry has lately arisen in the person of "Mr. John Taylor." This gentleman describes himself as author of "The Great Pyramid: why it was built," and of several "et ceteras" besides, with the names of which he does not favour us. He approaches the public through the medium of *Macmillan's Magazine*, and endeavours to upset the rash theories of modern geologists in an article entitled "The Hand of Man in the Kirkdale Cavern." Now if this were really a reasonable attempt to account for some of the very perplexing phenomena presented by what are called "fossiliferous caverns," by attributing them to man's agency, we should be the last to object to it. Nothing can be more conducive to the progress of science than perfect liberty of free inquiry. Like the High Sheriff at a contested election we are very anxious that all sides should have a fair hearing. But the absurdities of Mr. John Taylor are so gross that he ought to consider himself highly favoured at finding his paper in such admirable company. We have never been so fortunate as to see Mr. Taylor's "Great Pyramid," nor do we know "why it was built." But it seems at least as reasonable to attribute the formation of that celebrated edifice to the "Druids"—if that is the line he has taken,—as to believe that those semi-mythical priests of ancient Britain had anything to do with the "Kirkdale Cavern."

The ordinary explanation of "fossiliferous caverns," amongst which that at Kirkdale, in Yorkshire, is one of the most celebrated for the variety and extent of its animal remains, is simple enough. It supposes that these places were the dens of the Great Cave-Hyenas, of the post-tertiary epoch, at which period this beast, together with the Primigenial Elephant, the Ticerhine Rhinoceros, the Cave-Bear, and other animals, now extinct, inhabited this country; that the Cave-Hyenas dragged into their dens the limbs of the larger animals, upon the carcasses of which they fed, and ate or broke to pieces all their bones, except such of them—mostly the densest and hardest—as are usually found entire; that the caverns being filled with water, through a subsequent change of level, all these various bones were collected together by the eddies and covered with a coating of mud, beneath which they have been preserved in a state almost as perfect as when they were first brought there unto this day. Mr. Taylor is not satisfied with this theory. Having thought about it for "thirty-five years," he now favours the world with the results of his matured reflections on the subject. He knows "how difficult it is to stem the current of public opinion," and to controvert the views "of those whose reputation as men of science makes men of common sense afraid or unwilling to question their decision." But "that rational understanding which is given to every man to guide himself with in the affairs of common life," and which is "of more value than all the sciences," revolts "at the thought of being forced to admit as a *truth* that which is palpably an *error*." Now the Great Cave-Hyena—as Mr. Taylor is informed by Baron Cuvier—was an animal more than "four feet high," and could not, therefore, have dragged an elephant's tooth into one of the remotest recesses of the cavern, not more than  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet in height, "through passages sometimes not higher than 1 foot 4 inches, to the extent of at least 160 feet from the present entrance." A further objection to the hyenas is that the Noachian deluge, which, according to Mr. Taylor's views, was "a tremendous convulsion which destroyed and remodelled the antediluvian surface of the earth," must have swept away all trace of the events that preceded it, and amongst other things destroyed all remnants of animals preserved in places of this sort. Mr. Taylor scouts Dr. Buckland's supposition that any cavern could have been "protected from its ravages." The caverns, therefore, and their contents must be attributed to a period subsequent to "the Deluge." And Mr. Taylor pitches upon "the Druids" as the originators of these singular collections of the bones of extinct animals. Now we have rather a respect for the Druids. We had always supposed that they built Stonehenge until a recent article in the *Quarterly* upset our faith on that subject, and "Norma" is one of our favourite operas. Let us see, therefore, what Mr. Taylor has to say for the Druids. The Druids, according to Pliny, or rather according to Dr. Philemon Holland, from whose translation of Pliny Mr. Taylor draws his information, were addicted to magic, and used hyenas' "teeth, jaws, feet, and pastern-bones," as "valuable remedies and charms." They furthermore employed the excrement of this animal as a "counter-charm or preservative against the sorceries and practices" of their brother-magicians. And the presence of the excrement of hyenas in these caves—one of the great arguments upon which Dr. Buckland based his theory that they were once inhabited by living animals of this species—is thus turned against the Doctor. But Mr. Taylor forgets to inform us why the Druids deposited all these valuable charms at the bottoms of caverns, or why, if they did so, other remains of undoubtedly human origin are not found mixed up with them. Nor are we told how the Druids, who were probably not much inferior in size to the present generation of mankind, contrived to enter into cracks and crannies where, as he informs us, it was physically impossible that hyenas could have penetrated, in order to stow away elephants' teeth in places "160 feet distant from the entrance." It would seem to one who takes an unprejudiced view of the matter that such a feat is more likely to have been performed by a hyena than by a man. But having surmounted these little difficulties, there are more serious objections to the "Druid theory," as Mr. Taylor calls it, which do not seem to have occurred to him. Mr. Taylor appears to think that the bones of the elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, and the

hyena, were imported by our friends, "the Druids," from other countries, where these animals are now found. This, he quietly observes, "relieves us from the necessity" of supposing that these and "other animals belonging to tropical climates, as the lion, tiger, &c., of which some teeth are found, were at any period natives of these northern regions." Mr. Taylor, therefore, is evidently ignorant of the fact that not one of these animals, the bones of which are found in our bone-caverns, is identical with the corresponding forms now living in Africa and Asia. He is not aware that the elephant and the rhinoceros of the post-tertiary epoch were both of them very different from any of the elephants and rhinoceroses now existing on the earth's surface, and were, moreover, both of them expressly organized to live in a cold climate. We know this fact *positively*, from the circumstance of specimens of both these animals having been discovered preserved embedded in ice in Northern Asia, with their hairy coverings and parts of their integuments still existing upon them. There can be, therefore, no doubt upon this point, even if the essential differences observable in the formation of their osseous skeletons were not of themselves sufficient to distinguish them from their present representatives in the tropics. The same is the case with the other inhabitants of this country in past geological epochs. That these are, in nearly every case, specifically different from any species at present in existence, is one of the most ordinary truths of geology. The knowledge of this one simple fact would have been sufficient to have saved Mr. Taylor from putting forward a ridiculous theory upon a subject with which he appears to be entirely unacquainted. We fear that in this case the "common sense" which he boasts of as being so far superior to the sense of men of science, has not prevented him exposing an amount of ignorance which is rarely brought before the public in a way so wilful and so deliberate. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. Let the man of common sense stick to that wide range of subjects in which common sense is a safe, if not the most efficient guide. But in technical matters his common sense should teach him that it is better not to meddle with things that he does not understand. The "Druid theory" may pass muster with those who know nothing of the great truths due to the researches of modern geologists, but with nobody else.

#### HOMBURG.

Of the German watering-places, Homburg is perhaps the one now most resorted to by English visitors. The acquisition of its reputation as a watering-place has been of late growth. So late as twenty-five years ago the name of the place was only known to people in England as the residence of a princess who had condescended to leave the splendours of the English court, and to become the wife of the Landgrave of Homburg, a rough, but brave and manly Austrian officer. The marriage was brought about through the influence of her sister, the Queen of Wurtemberg, who had the wit to see that a good and kindly heart lay hid under his unpolished and uncourtly exterior. The habits of camp life had taken so deep a hold on the Landgrave that he would sometimes forget the duty and respect he owed to the great lady who had honoured him with her hand. Like all Germans, he was addicted to smoking; but so great was his passion for the soothing weed, that he could not always deny himself this indulgence, even at the most unseemly times and seasons. He was sometimes in the habit of smoking in bed, and on one of these occasions he fell asleep before putting out his cigar. The consequences were what might have been expected—the bed-clothes and curtains were soon in a blaze. The Landgravine fortunately awoke before any serious injury could be done, either to herself or to him, and she rescued him from a fate which he richly merited. The following day a well-known Peninsular officer arrived from England with family papers; to him the Landgravine mentioned the circumstance, and he on his return informed her brother, George IV. The exclamation of the king, on being told, was strong but humorous: it will not, however, bear to be put in print. The reporter of events at the police-office is familiar with certain of the expressions which were employed on that occasion by the First Gentleman in Europe, but is obliged, from a sense of decorum, even when most desirous of giving the full pith and marrow of the case, to emasculate the vigour and raciness of the style and language by the uses of dashes. Extremes meet—cabmen in their finer moods perhaps employ the language of kings—kings in their moments of excitement will sometimes use the language of cabmen.

The life passed by the Landgravine at Homburg was on the whole a happy one, and was not chequered by any more serious ills than the one just mentioned. A large annuity had been settled on her by Parliament previous to her marriage. Her own personal expenditure was small; all she had to spare was spent in scattering blessings and comforts with a liberal hand on the heads of her poorer subjects.

The present Landgrave is her brother-in-law. He is unmarried, is an old man, and with him the Landgraves of Homburg come to an end, and the Landgraviate merges in the Grand Duchy of Darmstadt. The first of the Landgraves of Homburg was the younger son of a Landgrave of Darmstadt. Homburg was settled on him and his male line by his father, about the end of the sixteenth century, with a condition of reversion to the male line of his elder brother in the event of the failure of his issue male. In all human probability this event cannot be far distant, and when it takes place Germany will have one sovereign less, and one step towards German unity will have been pacifically secured. Since the settlement of the Landgraviate of Homburg, the Landgraves of Darmstadt have swelled into the higher dignity



of Grand Dukes. The marriage of the Princess Alice with the Landgrave's nephew, son of the heir-presumptive to that little state, invests the reigning family of Darmstadt with an interest which it did not previously possess in the estimation of the English people. The Landgrave of Homburg is the smallest and poorest of the sovereigns of Germany, and is the only Landgrave whose sovereign rights were reserved by the Congress of Vienna. The others were all mediatised. As a consequence of his rights of sovereignty, the German Diet has by its constitution no authority to interfere with him in the management of the internal affairs of the Landgraviate. He is as much a sovereign prince and monarch as the King of Prussia or the Emperor of Austria. The Diet can bind him by no regulations to which he has not given his assent. Part of the Landgraviate is detached, and lies on the other bank of the Rhine, near to the frontier of France. From this detached portion the Landgrave derives larger revenue than from the portion lying immediately around Homburg. It is not easy to form an estimate of the income he enjoys from his small principality. The revenue of his estates, exclusive of the rent paid by the gambling establishment, may be stated roughly as about £6,000 to 7,000 a year. Homburg is about nine miles distant from Frankfurt; it lies on an elevated plain of tableland at the foot of the Feldberg, the highest point of the Taunus mountains. The height of Homburg above the sea is about 650 feet. The drive from Frankfurt is for the most part a gradual ascent. A railway has been made within the last two or three years, and trains run over the distance in about half an hour. As a consequence of its elevated position, the air of Homburg is exceedingly fresh, salubrious, and invigorating. Persons affected either with bronchitis or asthmatic complaints testify to the relief which they feel, and the physical enjoyment which they experience, the moment they begin to breathe the pure and delicious air of the place. The soil is light and loamy, the rainfall therefore dries up most rapidly. The old original town of Homburg is a thorough old German town in character, and is situated, like many old German towns, at the foot of and around the slight elevation on which the castle or Schloss is placed. Within the last fifteen years a new town of lodging-houses and hotels has sprung up nearer to the springs than the old town, but in continuation of it. The excellence of the lodgings, the civility of the people, and the purity of the air, are the three main causes which have contributed to the popularity of Homburg with English visitors. Persons are in the habit of visiting the place for many successive years, and there is reason to believe that if the gambling-tables were abolished, a small colony of our insular race might settle there. As a watering-place, Homburg does not enjoy the great reputation in Germany and on the continent of Europe which it possesses in England. At Ems, Carlsbad, Kissingen, Schlangenbad, and many other places, are to be seen, from year to year, the families of kings, emperors, counts, and barons in numbers. Homburg has nothing of the sort to boast of. The majority of its visitors consist of German and Dutch bourgeois. One or two families of German gentlemen may be seen, but they are few in number. The excitement of play and the sight of the English girls are the attractions which draw a few unmarried persons of rank and position to the place. Why the waters of Homburg should, like a prophet, not enjoy the same honour in their own country which they enjoy in ours, is a question which must be left to doctors and casuists to determine. It is just possible that there may be in the matter of waters something analogous to what is called "goodwill" in the grocery, baking, and other lines of business; and that drinkers of waters, like buyers of goods, may blindly prefer to supply their wants at an old-established concern, and may look with suspicion on a younger rival who is endeavouring to push himself into popularity and favour. Doctors talk mysteriously, and therefore foolishly, of the existence of a difference between the German and British constitution. Rhubarb and magnesia, however, when taken in a sufficient quantity, have pretty nearly the same, if not absolutely the same, effect upon both races; and no valid reason can be adduced sufficient to satisfy any sane man that the same waters which such insides, accustomed to the daily digestion of beef, mutton, veal and ham pies, and occasionally bubble and squeak, or bacon and beans, should not as well and equally suit stomachs called upon daily to triturate a large amount of sour krout in addition to fleshy delicacies, which, though presented under different forms and fermentations, are in substance the same as those upon which the former are daily expected to exercise their chemical and mechanical faculties. Whether the German or the English doctors are right in their estimate of the Homburg waters may be a matter of doubt, but one thing is certain, that social life at Homburg suffers most materially from the absence of cultivated and accomplished German and other continental families. We cannot, however, refrain from expressing our feeling that the German doctors are possibly right, and that, so far as waters are concerned, Homburg is inferior to some other places, and that its real and greatest title to fame must rest on the purity and salubrity of its air.

The large quantity of common salt which the waters of all the springs contain makes them very drastic and even scouring to a delicate mucous system. Much injury is often done to delicate persons by the indiscriminate use of them. The recklessness with which the Frankfurt and local doctors are often too apt to prescribe the general use of them in all cases cannot be too seriously condemned. Persons who complain that the waters do not agree with them are usually told in a mysterious way that they will perceive the advantage at a later period; in other words, that they will feel better after having left the place and paid the doctor his fee. The doctors, however, at Homburg are not to be blamed one whit more than those at Ems or Carlsbad. The

same unmeaning and senseless jargon is used by all, and has been swelled into the dignity of an impotent commonplace. The doctor in London who should prescribe to one of his delicate patients a strong dose of salts every day for three weeks, and who should meet the complaints of decreasing strength by the assurance of improved health and strength after this severe scouring course of medicine had been endured, would soon be found out, and would be, without much doubt, dubbed by the name of a certain humble member of the animal creation. It would, it is true, be unreasonable for a delicate person to be too precipitate in expecting to feel benefit from a particular course of treatment, but three or four days ought to suffice to show whether or not it is likely to prove beneficial; if injurious in their effects after a short trial, the drinking of the waters should be suspended for a few days, when they might be again tried; if found unsatisfactory on this second trial, they should not be persisted in. With many persons the waters of Homburg agree well. The amount of free carbonic acid in them is large, and acts as a stimulus to the system; iron is present in all, in the form of a carbonate, to a greater or less extent; and the carbonate of calcium, which is present in all, is an excellent antacid. The springs are five in number; they are all cold. An attempt was, for some time, made to obtain a warm saline spring, by boring in a meadow adjoining the other springs, but the undertaking was not successful. The original spring, the Elizabeth, is the one drunk by more than three-fourths of the visitors. It has been known for many years, and has been for a long time used by the people of the place. The other four springs have all been discovered by boring to different depths. The Kaiser spring is a very strong spring; it contains a much larger quantity both of salt and of free carbonic acid than the Elizabeth. The Ludwig spring is something like Seltzer water, though saltier, and containing a good deal of iron, from which Seltzer is nearly, if not entirely, free. The Ludwig is often drunk during the day, as a refreshing beverage, and after dinner as an antacid. The amount of free carbonic acid which it contains and its antacid properties make it a pleasant medicinal beverage. The Stahl spring is very similar in its properties to the Elizabeth, though somewhat stronger in iron and somewhat weaker in antacid properties. It is, however, not drunk by many persons. The last discovered of the springs, the Louisa, was brought to light only about six years ago. It has become a great favourite with doctors and drinkers, and is, perhaps, the best spring of all, and will, it is probable, end by becoming a greater favourite than even the Elizabeth. The amount of common salt in its waters is much smaller than in the other springs; the carbonate of iron is not much less than that in the Elizabeth; but the free carbonic acid is a good deal less in quantity. Its antacid properties are considerable, and several other elements are to be found in it which are not met with in the other springs. Among these is the presence of a small quantity of sulphuretted hydrogen, which gives it a somewhat unpleasant flavour.

Homburg owes everything, except its clear and salubrious air, its beautiful woods, and the Elizabeth fountain, to the present gaming establishment. All the other springs have been brought to light by borings effected at the expense of the gaming-house company, whose ordinary operations shall be described in our next.

#### THE PAST WEEK.

THE campaigning operations in America, to the latest date yet known, are discussed in our first page. President Lincoln has written a letter to Mr. Horace Greeley, in which he declares that he will save the Union, if he can, without abolishing slavery, but he will abolish slavery, if necessary, to save the Union. Mr. Everett has made a powerful speech at Boston, insisting on the ruinous effects which a break-up of the Union would have upon all the interests of the North.

Garibaldi still lies at Spezia, with a broken ankle, and there was some dread of fever setting in, which, however, seems now to have abated. He has been visited by many of his friends, and amongst them by General Bixio. The Italian Government seems not yet to have made up its mind about what is to be done with him and his fellow-prisoners. It is understood that the idea of trying them by a court-martial has been put aside, the lawyers and judges being of opinion that Garibaldi, as a member of the Chamber of Deputies, cannot, without the express consent of that Chamber, be tried under the military jurisdiction. If he is to be tried at all, it must be by the Italian Senate, constituted as a High Court of Justice for that purpose. It is believed, however, that King Victor Emmanuel wishes to grant a complete amnesty, but that Rattazzi and several other ministers oppose his doing so. A letter, written by Garibaldi on board the frigate which conveyed him to Spezia, has been published by a Genoese paper. He says that both he and his aides-de-camp at Aspromonte exerted themselves to the utmost to prevent his followers from firing at the royal troops; who, on their side, fired as soon as they came up. He fell wounded at the very outset, while he was running along the front of his line, telling his own men not to fire. He admits that, at the other end of the line, the Picciotti, or Sicilian volunteers, returned the fire of the troops, but the conflict did not last more than a quarter of an hour. He says that his arrangements had been purely defensive, and he had hoped to avoid a conflict, seeing the very strong position that he occupied, and not thinking the regular troops had received such sanguinary orders. This account of the affair is confirmed by a statement which fifteen of his comrades signed, on board the same ship, on their way from the Calabrian shore. They state that Garibaldi had given repeated, express, and positive orders not to fire; that the Bersaglieri commenced firing with no previous intimation or summons; and that Garibaldi, after his fall, never ceased desiring his men not to fight. The soldiers and the volunteers,



as soon as the firing stopped, fraternized and embraced each other. The Garibaldians submitted to be disarmed, expecting that they would all be sent home at once. On the other side, we have the official despatch from Colonel, now Major-General, Pallavicino, who commanded the regular troops. He had been ordered by General Cialdini to pursue Garibaldi, and, if he sought to escape, to attack him, but not to treat with him, and only to accept a surrender at discretion. He found Garibaldi with his force drawn up on the crest of the hill, and confronting the royal troops as they advanced. Pallavicino at once ordered the attack; he says that an energetic resistance was made, and that the position was carried at the point of the bayonet. Garibaldi, by his own admission, could see nothing of what happened after he fell. It is certain that the number of killed and wounded among the regulars rather exceeded that of the Garibaldians. Two of Garibaldi's officers begged Pallavicino to keep silence about the fighting, "in order to conceal from Europe the scandal of a civil struggle." Garibaldi asked permission to leave the country on board an English vessel, but Pallavicino could only promise to telegraph this request to the Government. Many of Garibaldi's followers complained that they had been kept in ignorance of the royal proclamation ordering them to lay down their arms. He had distributed a large sum of money amongst a hundred and fifty of them on the night before his capture.

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The *Court Circular* is now dated from the Castle of Rheinhardtbrunn, in Saxe-Gotha, where the Queen arrived, with her children, at nine o'clock on Friday morning, having left Brussels at half-past three on Thursday afternoon, and travelled all night from Cologne. We read that, "notwithstanding the distress of mind and sorrowful emotion caused by this journey, her Majesty's health does not appear to be worse." Earl Russell stopped the night at Cologne, and followed the Queen to Gotha next day. The Prince of Wales is at Brussels, where he meets his intended, the Princess Alexandra of Denmark.

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A medical gentleman at Romsey, in Hampshire, warns us not to eat the Canadian partridges which will be imported in the coming winter, as they were last year. Two ladies whom he attended had a narrow escape of their lives from having dined upon a slice of this bird, which sometimes feeds on the berries of a poisonous shrub.

The Gloucester Musical Festival (one of the alternate local celebrations of

the three choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester) began on Tuesday, with the customary service in the cathedral, and the oratorio of the "Creation" to follow; Sims Reeves, Weiss, and Mdle. Titiens assisting. The Exhibition overture of Meyerbeer and Verdi's cantata were performed next day.

The *Great Eastern* has arrived at New York, but with a hole in the outer plating of her bottom, having struck upon a rock near Montauk. Her bottom consists of two iron cuticles, each half an inch thick and each waterproof, with a void space of three feet between them.

Professor Symonds, of the Royal Veterinary College, has, at the suggestion of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, been appointed by the Home Office a special commissioner to inquire into the prevalence of small-pox among the sheep in North Wiltshire. Last week he gave a lecture on the subject to a large audience of farmers at Salisbury. He recommended inoculation as a preventive. The flockmasters of Dorset declare that the disease has not yet appeared in their county. An Order in Council has been issued for the seizure of all infected sheep.

The surveying-vessel *Porcupine*, a paddle-wheel steamer, has been employed by the Admiralty to explore the bottom of the ocean 200 miles west of the Irish coast, where it is conjectured the Atlantic telegraph cable was broken. It appears there is a submarine cliff there, and the depth falls from 550 to 1,750 fathoms. The plan now in contemplation is to lay a cable, not directly across to America, but to Iceland, and thence to Greenland. With this view, soundings have been taken along the ridge of the Rockall Bank, where the depth ranges from 90 to 160 fathoms, at a distance of 500 miles west of Donegal Bay.

Twenty-one little girls, between four and six years old, with two women, their nurses, were piteously burned to death on Monday morning in the Liverpool workhouse on Brownlow-hill. There were about forty of them in their beds in the dormitory, and Miss Kennan, the schoolmistress, slept in an adjoining room. She woke at two o'clock in the morning, and found the place on fire. The conflagration was quenched in the course of an hour, but only half of the children were saved. It is difficult to account for the origin of the fire, unless it was by an escape of gas. There was a small gas-jet burning all night on the staircase between the dormitory and the girls' schoolroom. Above the schoolroom was the chapel adjoining the dormitory on the first floor. These apartments, as well as the dormitory, were destroyed.

The parishes of Market Lavington and West Lavington, in Wiltshire, were singularly visited the other day by a hailstorm which, though it did not extend above half a mile in one direction and two miles in the other, was one of the most violent ever known in our climate. It happened between five and six in the morning. In less than half an hour, the ground was everywhere covered with hailstones, two or three feet in depth, or in some places as much as seven feet in depth, which, presently thawing, flooded the whole country thereby. There was much destruction of crops and stock.

The coroner's inquest on the railway accident at the Market Harborough station of the Midland line has resulted in a verdict of manslaughter against Ezra Stubbs, the engine-driver of the second excursion train which ran into the train before it; and the jury have also censured the Midland Railway Company for starting two such trains with so short an interval of time.

The business of M. Veillard, foreign refreshment contractor for the International Exhibition, has been transferred to Mr. Morrish, the British refreshment contractor; M. Veillard having become bankrupt.

The unknown client of Messrs. Phillips & Son, solicitors, of Abchurch-lane, who claims to have discovered a cheap, abundant, and workable substitute for cotton fibre, has announced that he will throw his invention open to the public if ten responsible gentlemen will guarantee him a stipulated sum of money. Mr. James Wrigley, lately the head of a large cotton-importing firm at Liverpool, has examined the material, and vouches for its colour, length, and fineness, but has not tested its strength.

Five men have been killed in Monkwearmouth colliery, by falling, in the "cage," down a shaft three hundred fathoms deep, from the breaking of a chain by which the cage was suspended.

Five workwomen have been killed by an explosion in a gunpowder mill at Redruth.

Four men have been killed by the fall of a scaffold at the Birmingham Railway Station.

## MEN OF MARK.—No. LVI.

### MR. E. W. LANE.

EDWARD WILLIAM LANE, the Orientalist, was born at Hereford in 1801, third son of the Rev. Theophilus Lane, LL.D., a Prebendary of Hereford, member of a younger branch of the Lanes of Ryelands, in Herefordshire, by Sophia his wife, daughter of Richard Gardiner of Sudbury, and niece of Gainsborough the painter. His father at first entered the army, but the American war, in which he served, disgusted him with the profession; and, when peace had been concluded, he resigned his commission, and took holy orders.

By the loss of his father, in 1814, the subject of this notice became dependant upon the guidance of his mother, a lady of rare energy and ability, to whose moral training he mainly attributes his success in after life. His education, commenced by his father, was continued at the grammar school of Bath, under Dr. Wilkins, and afterwards, for a short time, at the grammar school of Hereford, under Dr. Taylor. Being intended for the Church, he was sent to Cambridge; but not liking the manners of those to whom he was there introduced, and who would have been his fellow students, he did not enter himself, and determined to complete his education himself. Having obtained a copy of the questions put, in one year, to the candidates at Cambridge for honours in mathematics, he solved them all, and thus satisfied himself that he was not mistaken in the course he had adopted.

Coming to London, he joined, in the study of engraving, his elder brother, Richard James Lane, A.R.A., the lithographer, whose profession was that of a line-engraver. At this time, however, Edward Lane began to be diverted from an artistic career by a taste for Oriental languages; and partly in consequence of his showing some bronchial delicacy, which was thought to



indicate a tendency to consumption, but chiefly for the purpose of studying Arabic, he determined to visit Egypt. While preparing for this journey, it occurred to him that photography might be found practicable, and he spent many days in a vain attempt to find some mode of arresting the darkening of nitrate of silver by light, in order to preserve the pictures (if they may be so called) which he might produce by means of that substance and a camera obscura.

It was in 1825 that he first went to Egypt. On the voyage his theoretical knowledge of navigation enabled him to save the vessel in which he was a passenger, when the heaviest compass was unshipped, and the main-topmast lost, in a severe storm off Cape Bon. He took the helm and steered the ship, in a starless night, with nothing to guide him but an almost constant distant lighting, of which he had observed the bearing. Having arrived at Alexandria, his career as an Orientalist began. He at once applied himself to the study of the modern language of Egypt, Arabic, and of the ancient monuments. At Cairo he lived among the people, and noted their manners and institutions. Making that famous city his head-quarters, he twice ascended the Nile to the second cataract, carefully examining and drawing all the most remarkable ancient remains. His drawings were made with the camera lucida, and, notwithstanding the extreme heat of the summer in Upper Egypt and Nubia (where his thermometer often stood at 110° Fahrenheit in the shade), he completed every one of these drawings, which are minutely accurate, either on the spot, or in his boat immediately afterwards. On leaving Egypt in 1828, he brought away a full description of that country and of Lower Nubia, their monuments and inhabitants, illustrated by more than a hundred drawings; a work which has not yet been published, on account of the great cost of properly producing the illustrations.

On his return to England he was occupied for some years in continuing his eastern studies and completing his work on Egypt. At length Lord Brougham, at the suggestion of Mr. Bellenden Ker, having examined a portion of the manuscript which related to the manners of the modern Egyptians, proposed to the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge that Mr. Lane should be commissioned to undertake a larger work upon that subject. For this purpose he visited Egypt again in the years 1833, 1834, and 1835, and at Cairo wrote this work. The severe plague of 1835, which destroyed the inhabitants of that city a number equal to the entire adult male population, induced him to go to Thebes, and gave him an opportunity of making additions to his description of Egypt.

The "Account of the Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians," published in 1836, was at once recognized to be a book without a rival, for its combination of lucid and accurate description with sound scholarship. It is now twenty-six years since it first appeared, and no single error has been discovered, although at different times two eminent Orientalists, Professor Stanley and Dr. Sprenger, own to having wasted several days at Cairo itself in the fruitless attempt to detect a flaw in Mr. Lane's descriptions. It has passed through five editions, the last edited by the author's nephew, Mr. Edward Stanley Poole; it has been translated into German; and a French translation is now in preparation.

After the publication of the "Modern Egyptians," Mr. Lane took much interest in promoting Oriental studies in England, and was an active member of the Oriental Text Committee of the Asiatic Society and the Oriental Translation Fund. In 1838 he was commissioned by Mr. Knight to undertake a translation of the "Thousand and One Nights," a work which he accomplished in a little less than three years. The translation was entirely new, and based upon several editions of the original Arabic work, the uninteresting or unsuitable tales being rejected; and it was illustrated by full notes upon all the points of manners and history which were suggested by the tales. In the "Thousand and One Nights" Mr. Lane had a greater opportunity than in the "Modern Egyptians" of showing his extensive and accurate knowledge of Arabic literature; and its notes are justly regarded as forming a kind of Arab encyclopædia. This work occasioned a lively controversy; for the translator, as a scholar, was unable to countenance the ignorant spelling to which Galland had accustomed European readers, and the world did not at once accept the unusual orthography which Mr. Lane substituted. In a subsequent edition, brought out during his third visit to Egypt, the old spelling was restored without his authority, and the notes were omitted. This spurious work fell into immediate oblivion, and a second edition has recently appeared, edited, like the latest of the "Modern Egyptians," by Mr. E. S. Poole, in which the correct spelling and the notes are retained. Twenty years have convinced the English of what foreigners had long practically admitted, that accuracy is as necessary in the mode of writing Eastern as Western names, and that the English sounds, which we all know, are preferable to the Italian, with which but few of us are even partially acquainted.

In the year 1840 Mr. Lane married a Greek lady. In the next year he lost that parent to whom he owed so much, and from whom, except for his visits to Egypt, he had never been long parted. At this time, the Duke of Northumberland, then Lord Prudhoe, suggested that the opportunity was come to carry out a project long confided to him by Mr. Lane, the composition of an Arabic lexicon, and nobly offered to supply him with the pecuniary means necessary for undertaking this important work.

For this purpose Mr. Lane once more left England in July 1842, accompanied by his wife, his sister, Mrs. Poole, and her two sons, and remained there for more than seven years. Shortly after he had left, a small manuscript by him, entitled "Selections from the Kur-an," was published. As he could not correct the press, this valuable work is full of printers' errors.

On arriving in Egypt Mr. Lane lost no time in seeking for assistance in his great undertaking. His friend, the late M. Fulgence Fresnel, the best French orientalist since De Sacy's death, had almost promised his aid, but soon gave up the project in despair. He could, therefore, only obtain the assistance of a sheykh of the University of Cairo, who could not actually aid in the composition of the Lexicon, but was of service in the resolution of difficult points, and in transcribing and collating Arabic manuscripts.

The arduous nature of Mr. Lane's undertaking may be best understood when we state that, during the seven years he passed in Egypt, he took but four week-days as holidays (he never worked on Sundays except upon Biblical questions); three of these were devoted to a visit to the Pyramids, for although the antiquities of Egypt still deeply interested him, he allowed himself no other visit to them, and the fourth was the day on which his sister, struck

with cholera, lay between life and death, and for once he could not work. This occurred during the cholera of 1848, when Cairo suffered severely from this pestilence. Mr. Lane's house was in one of the great thoroughfares of the city, and many funerals passed daily. The only notice that he took of them was to pause respectfully on hearing the loud wailing of the mourning-women, and to put a mark upon a blank page of his lexicon. We have seen this curious scale, and it is remarkable that he was so constant to his work that all the marks were made in his study; even on the day when anxiety forced him to discontinue working he chiefly remained there. It was his custom to commence work after an early breakfast, and to continue it until eleven o'clock in the night, with few and very short interruptions for meals, and for exercise in pacing up and down a spacious room, or upon the terrace of his house. He scarcely ever left the house. Since his return to England the same task has been performed with a little, very little, more relaxation, and its twentieth year is now concluded.

The visit to Egypt was occupied in collecting materials as well as composing the Lexicon. Besides the "Kámoos" and the "Siháh," with less-known Arabic lexicons, Mr. Lane discovered in the libraries of mosques two others of far greater extent and importance than all previously known, and acquired several smaller ones equally new to European scholars. The more important of the two greatest lexicons was copied for his use, and upon his whole collection his work is founded. It is a work solely of authority, not of opinion, according to the principles of Arabic lexicography, and the scholar who has devoted more than twenty years to this labour has not stated a single opinion of his own but in brackets. It is in Arabic and English, Latin not being sufficiently copious, and English being now known by all foreign Orientalists.

Mr. Lane's constant study and intense application gained him a high reputation as an Arabic scholar in Cairo itself, and his sheykh frequently referred to him questions which had perplexed the doctors of the university of that city. These were generally respecting difficult passages of poets. One, however, related to the evidences of Christianity and Mohammadanism; and when his answer was given, the learned man who put the question to him conceded that the evidences of Christianity were immeasurably stronger than those of his own religion.

It was by Mr. Lane's advice that his sister visited the harems, and published her "Englishwoman in Egypt," to which no higher praise can be given than to say that it is worthy of Lane's sister. He also suggested that his nephews should study ancient and modern Egypt. The elder, Mr. E. Stanley Poole, has, as we have mentioned, already edited two of his uncle's works, and shares his interest in Arabic studies; the younger, Mr. R. Stuart Poole, has devoted himself chiefly to Egyptian archaeology.

On his return from Egypt, Mr. Lane found that he was unable to bear the climate of London; and, after a visit of more than a year to Hastings, settled at Worthing in the spring of 1851. His labour at the Lexicon has, as we have said, uninterruptedly continued; and three years ago he was able to take steps for its publication. The printing was entrusted to Mr. Watts, whose services to Oriental typography entitled him to be thus distinguished. A new set of types was cast, from drawings made under Mr. Lane's superintendence, by his nephew, Mr. E. Stanley Poole, more elegant and more compact than any previously in use; and the printing has gone on without delay, a great portion of the first volume being now ready for publication.

The importance of the "Lexicon" has been recognized by Government, the author having received three grants towards its expenses, from the Fund for Special Service; the first and second accorded to him by Earl Russell, when that true friend of literature (then Lord John Russell) was Premier; and the third by the late Earl of Aberdeen, when Premier; altogether amounting to seven hundred pounds. But the credit of this great undertaking is mainly due to the judgment and munificence of the Duke of Northumberland, and the unselfish energy of Mr. Lane.

The composition of so large a work, very greatly exceeding in size the most copious of all the Arabic lexicons hitherto published, and, we think, unequalled in extent by any similar production of one unassisted man, is a matter of great literary interest. It must be remembered that the only aid Mr. Lane ever received, that of his sheykh, applied to the collection of materials, not to the composition of the work itself. In that he has been entirely single-handed. His unvarying custom, without which he could never have got through so vast an amount of work, has been to labour with the utmost order, having all his books close at hand, and the most necessary resting open at the places upon which he is at work; and to complete at once whatever he writes. He never makes a second copy, and his hand is so clear, that a printer of a former work, when Mr. Lane complained of the errors of the proofs, said that such distinct writing was always given to the boys; experienced compositors could not be spared for it. Upon this principle he has been enabled, notwithstanding generally delicate health, and chronic bronchitis, to persevere in his constant labour, with no break but that of Sunday, when he turns to Hebrew and Biblical studies for recreation. He never hurries, but slowly and without interruption continues each day's task, never falling short of his time nor overstepping it, and always taking regular exercise, either in the open air or pacing in his house.

Mr. Lane has never contributed to periodical literature, nor to the transactions of any society, except the German Oriental Society, in the journal of which he printed a paper on the pronunciation of Arabic. He has accepted no honours, though it will be understood that he has had the option of several, except the honorary membership of some learned societies in this country and abroad.

Upon Oriental questions Mr. Lane has formed strong opinions. He regards Mohammadanism as a system in which, with much to admire, there is much more to abominate; and rejoices at its approaching fall. While feeling great interest in the endeavours of missionaries, he holds that until the old religion has been swept away it will scarcely be possible to effect much for the spread of Christianity in its place. He is opposed to those who would give self-government to Muslims, for he considers that they are inevitably too strongly opposed to Western civilization to receive its institutions, or, should they do so, to benefit by their enjoyment. He thinks that they should be governed with severe, but liberal justice. With respect to the Arabic language, he maintains that its right knowledge is of great value for the administration of our Eastern empire, and that a profound study of this fullest of the Semitic family will greatly advance Biblical science.



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The Sheffield Cutlers have had their annual corporation feast; at which Sir John Ramsden deplored the fratricidal strife in America; Mr. Hadfield pointed to Earl Russell, as a Foreign Secretary raised up by the Providence of God for the present emergency; and Mr. Kenneth Macaulay praised the manly consistency of the House of Commons in its resolution to deal fairly between North and South. But Mr. Goadsby, the mayor of Manchester, not a member of that House, observed that it ought to consider "whether we could not be ruled cheaper than at the present rate of Government expenditure."

Viscount Ockham, eldest son of the Earl of Lovelace, has died at Wimbledon, at the age of twenty-six. He was grandson of the poet Byron, whose only child, Ada, was the late Lady Lovelace. From his grandmother, Dowager Lady Byron, and in her own right Lady Wentworth, who died two years ago, this young man inherited the barony of Wentworth. He had previously led rather an eccentric life, being at one time a common sailor, and at another time working in Messrs. Mare's ship-yard, at Blackwall.

A medical gentleman at Romsey, in Hampshire, warns us not to eat the Canadian partridges which will be imported in the coming winter, as they were last year. Two ladies whom he attended had a narrow escape of their lives from having dined upon a slice of this bird, which sometimes feeds on the berries of a poisonous shrub.

The Gloucester Musical Festival (one of the alternate local celebrations of

the three choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester) began on Tuesday, with the customary service in the cathedral, and the oratorio of the "Creation" to follow; Sims Reeves, Weiss, and Mdle. Titiens assisting. The Exhibition overture of Meyerbeer and Verdi's cantata were performed next day.

The *Great Eastern* has arrived at New York, but with a hole in the outer plating of her bottom, having struck upon a rock near Montauk. Her bottom consists of two iron cuticles, each half an inch thick and each waterproof, with a void space of three feet between them.

Professor Symonds, of the Royal Veterinary College, has, at the suggestion of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, been appointed by the Home Office a special commissioner to inquire into the prevalence of small-pox among the sheep in North Wiltshire. Last week he gave a lecture on the subject to a large audience of farmers at Salisbury. He recommended inoculation as a preventive. The flockmasters of Dorset declare that the disease has not yet appeared in their county. An Order in Council has been issued for the seizure of all infected sheep.

The surveying-vessel *Porcupine*, a paddle-wheel steamer, has been employed by the Admiralty to explore the bottom of the ocean 200 miles west of the Irish coast, where it is conjectured the Atlantic telegraph cable was broken. It appears there is a submarine cliff there, and the depth falls from 550 to 1,750 fathoms. The plan now in contemplation is to lay a cable, not directly across to America, but to Iceland, and thence to Greenland. With this view, soundings have been taken along the ridge of the Rockall Bank, where the depth ranges from 90 to 160 fathoms, at a distance of 500 miles west of Donegal Bay.

Twenty-one little girls, between four and six years old, with two women, their nurses, were piteously burned to death on Monday morning in the Liverpool workhouse on Brownlow-hill. There were about forty of them in their beds in the dormitory, and Miss Kennan, the schoolmistress, slept in an adjoining room. She woke at two o'clock in the morning, and found the place on fire. The conflagration was quenched in the course of an hour, but only half of the children were saved. It is difficult to account for the origin of the fire, unless it was by an escape of gas. There was a small gas-jet burning all night on the staircase between the dormitory and the girls' schoolroom. Above the schoolroom was the chapel adjoining the dormitory on the first floor. These apartments, as well as the dormitory, were destroyed.

The parishes of Market Lavington and West Lavington, in Wiltshire, were singularly visited the other day by a hailstorm which, though it did not extend above half a mile in one direction and two miles in the other, was one of the most violent ever known in our climate. It happened between five and six in the morning. In less than half an hour, the ground was everywhere covered with hailstones, two or three feet in depth, or in some places as much as seven feet in depth, which, presently thawing, flooded the whole country thereby. There was much destruction of crops and stock.

The coroner's inquest on the railway accident at the Market Harborough station of the Midland line has resulted in a verdict of manslaughter against Ezra Stubbs, the engine-driver of the second excursion train which ran into the train before it; and the jury have also censured the Midland Railway Company for starting two such trains with so short an interval of time.

The business of M. Veillard, foreign refreshment contractor for the International Exhibition, has been transferred to Mr. Morrish, the British refreshment contractor; M. Veillard having become bankrupt.

The unknown client of Messrs. Phillips & Son, solicitors, of Abchurch-lane, who claims to have discovered a cheap, abundant, and workable substitute for cotton fibre, has announced that he will throw his invention open to the public if ten responsible gentlemen will guarantee him a stipulated sum of money. Mr. James Wrigley, lately the head of a large cotton-importing firm at Liverpool, has examined the material, and vouches for its colour, length, and fineness, but has not tested its strength.

Five men have been killed in Monkwearmouth colliery, by falling, in the "cage," down a shaft three hundred fathoms deep, from the breaking of a chain by which the cage was suspended.

Five workwomen have been killed by an explosion in a gunpowder mill at Redruth.

Four men have been killed by the fall of a scaffold at the Birmingham Railway Station.

## MEN OF MARK.—No. LVI.

### MR. E. W. LANE.

EDWARD WILLIAM LANE, the Orientalist, was born at Hereford in 1801, third son of the Rev. Theophilus Lane, LL.D., a Prebendary of Hereford, member of a younger branch of the Lanes of Ryelands, in Herefordshire, by Sophia his wife, daughter of Richard Gardiner of Sudbury, and niece of Gainsborough the painter. His father at first entered the army, but the American war, in which he served, disgusted him with the profession; and, when peace had been concluded, he resigned his commission, and took holy orders.

By the loss of his father, in 1814, the subject of this notice became dependant upon the guidance of his mother, a lady of rare energy and ability, to whose moral training he mainly attributes his success in after life. His education, commenced by his father, was continued at the grammar school of Bath, under Dr. Wilkins, and afterwards, for a short time, at the grammar school of Hereford, under Dr. Taylor. Being intended for the Church, he was sent to Cambridge; but not liking the manners of those to whom he was there introduced, and who would have been his fellow students, he did not enter himself, and determined to complete his education himself. Having obtained a copy of the questions put, in one year, to the candidates at Cambridge for honours in mathematics, he solved them all, and thus satisfied himself that he was not mistaken in the course he had adopted.

Coming to London, he joined, in the study of engraving, his elder brother, Richard James Lane, A.R.A., the lithographer, whose profession was that of a line-engraver. At this time, however, Edward Lane began to be diverted from an artistic career by a taste for Oriental languages; and partly in consequence of his showing some bronchial delicacy, which was thought to



indicate a tendency to consumption, but chiefly for the purpose of studying Arabic, he determined to visit Egypt. While preparing for this journey, it occurred to him that photography might be found practicable, and he spent many days in a vain attempt to find some mode of arresting the darkening of nitrate of silver by light, in order to preserve the pictures (if they may be so called) which he might produce by means of that substance and a camera obscura.

It was in 1825 that he first went to Egypt. On the voyage his theoretical knowledge of navigation enabled him to save the vessel in which he was a passenger, when the heaviest compass was unshipped, and the main-topmast lost, in a severe storm off Cape Bon. He took the helm and steered the ship, in a starless night, with nothing to guide him but an almost constant distant lighting, of which he had observed the bearing. Having arrived at Alexandria, his career as an Orientalist began. He at once applied himself to the study of the modern language of Egypt, Arabic, and of the ancient monuments. At Cairo he lived among the people, and noted their manners and institutions. Making that famous city his head-quarters, he twice ascended the Nile to the second cataract, carefully examining and drawing all the most remarkable ancient remains. His drawings were made with the camera lucida, and, notwithstanding the extreme heat of the summer in Upper Egypt and Nubia (where his thermometer often stood at 110° Fahrenheit in the shade), he completed every one of these drawings, which are minutely accurate, either on the spot, or in his boat immediately afterwards. On leaving Egypt in 1828, he brought away a full description of that country and of Lower Nubia, their monuments and inhabitants, illustrated by more than a hundred drawings; a work which has not yet been published, on account of the great cost of properly producing the illustrations.

On his return to England he was occupied for some years in continuing his eastern studies and completing his work on Egypt. At length Lord Brougham, at the suggestion of Mr. Bellenden Ker, having examined a portion of the manuscript which related to the manners of the modern Egyptians, proposed to the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge that Mr. Lane should be commissioned to undertake a larger work upon that subject. For this purpose he visited Egypt again in the years 1833, 1834, and 1835, and at Cairo wrote this work. The severe plague of 1835, which destroyed of the inhabitants of that city a number equal to the entire adult male population, induced him to go to Thebes, and gave him an opportunity of making additions to his description of Egypt.

The "Account of the Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians," published in 1836, was at once recognized to be a book without a rival, for its combination of lucid and accurate description with sound scholarship. It is now twenty-six years since it first appeared, and no single error has been discovered, although at different times two eminent Orientalists, Professor Stanley and Dr. Sprenger, own to having wasted several days at Cairo itself in the fruitless attempt to detect a flaw in Mr. Lane's descriptions. It has passed through five editions, the last edited by the author's nephew, Mr. Edward Stanley Poole; it has been translated into German; and a French translation is now in preparation.

After the publication of the "Modern Egyptians," Mr. Lane took much interest in promoting Oriental studies in England, and was an active member of the Oriental Text Committee of the Asiatic Society and the Oriental Translation Fund. In 1838 he was commissioned by Mr. Knight to undertake a translation of the "Thousand and One Nights," a work which he accomplished in a little less than three years. The translation was entirely new, and based upon several editions of the original Arabic work, the uninteresting or unsuitable tales being rejected; and it was illustrated by full notes upon all the points of manners and history which were suggested by the tales. In the "Thousand and One Nights" Mr. Lane had a greater opportunity than in the "Modern Egyptians" of showing his extensive and accurate knowledge of Arabic literature; and its notes are justly regarded as forming a kind of Arab encyclopædia. This work occasioned a lively controversy; for the translator, as a scholar, was unable to countenance the ignorant spelling to which Galland had accustomed European readers, and the world did not at once accept the unusual orthography which Mr. Lane substituted. In a subsequent edition, brought out during his third visit to Egypt, the old spelling was restored without his authority, and the notes were omitted. This spurious work fell into immediate oblivion, and a second edition has recently appeared, edited, like the latest of the "Modern Egyptians," by Mr. E. S. Poole, in which the correct spelling and the notes are retained. Twenty years have convinced the English of what foreigners had long practically admitted, that accuracy is as necessary in the mode of writing Eastern as Western names, and that the English sounds, which we all know, are preferable to the Italian, with which but few of us are even partially acquainted.

In the year 1840 Mr. Lane married a Greek lady. In the next year he lost that parent to whom he owed so much, and from whom, except for his visits to Egypt, he had never been long parted. At this time, the Duke of Northumberland, then Lord Prudhoe, suggested that the opportunity was come to carry out a project long confided to him by Mr. Lane, the composition of an Arabic lexicon, and nobly offered to supply him with the pecuniary means necessary for undertaking this important work.

For this purpose Mr. Lane once more left England in July 1842, accompanied by his wife, his sister, Mrs. Poole, and her two sons, and remained there for more than seven years. Shortly after he had left, a small manuscript by him, entitled "Selections from the Kur-án," was published. As he could not correct the press, this valuable work is full of printers' errors.

On arriving in Egypt Mr. Lane lost no time in seeking for assistance in his great undertaking. His friend, the late M. Fulgence Fresnel, the best French orientalist since De Sacy's death, had almost promised his aid, but soon gave up the project in despair. He could, therefore, only obtain the assistance of a sheikh of the University of Cairo, who could not actually aid in the composition of the Lexicon, but was of service in the resolution of difficult points, and in transcribing and collating Arabic manuscripts.

The arduous nature of Mr. Lane's undertaking may be best understood when we state that, during the seven years he passed in Egypt, he took but four week-days as holidays (he never worked on Sundays except upon Biblical questions); three of these were devoted to a visit to the Pyramids, for although the antiquities of Egypt still deeply interested him, he allowed himself no other visit to them, and the fourth was the day on which his sister, struck

with cholera, lay between life and death, and for once he could not work. This occurred during the cholera of 1848, when Cairo suffered severely from this pestilence. Mr. Lane's house was in one of the great thoroughfare-streets of the city, and many funerals passed daily. The only notice that he took of them was to pause respectfully on hearing the loud wailing of the mourning-women, and to put a mark upon a blank page of his lexicon. We have seen this curious scale, and it is remarkable that he was so constant to his work that all the marks were made in his study; even on the day when anxiety forced him to discontinue working he chiefly remained there. It was his custom to commence work after an early breakfast, and to continue it until eleven o'clock in the night, with few and very short interruptions for meals, and for exercise in pacing up and down a spacious room, or upon the terrace of his house. He scarcely ever left the house. Since his return to England the same task has been performed with a little, very little, more relaxation, and its twentieth year is now concluded.

The visit to Egypt was occupied in collecting materials as well as composing the Lexicon. Besides the "Kámoos" and the "Siháh," with less-known Arabic lexicons, Mr. Lane discovered in the libraries of mosques two others of far greater extent and importance than all previously known, and acquired several smaller ones equally new to European scholars. The more important of the two greatest lexicons was copied for his use, and upon his whole collection his work is founded. It is a work solely of authority, not of opinion, according to the principles of Arabic lexicography, and the scholar who has devoted more than twenty years to this labour has not stated a single opinion of his own but in brackets. It is in Arabic and English, Latin not being sufficiently copious, and English being now known by all foreign Orientalists.

Mr. Lane's constant study and intense application gained him a high reputation as an Arabic scholar in Cairo itself, and his sheikh frequently referred to him questions which had perplexed the doctors of the university of that city. These were generally respecting difficult passages of poets. One, however, related to the evidences of Christianity and Mohammadanism; and when his answer was given, the learned man who put the question to him conceded that the evidences of Christianity were immeasurably stronger than those of his own religion.

It was by Mr. Lane's advice that his sister visited the hareems, and published her "Englishwoman in Egypt," to which no higher praise can be given than to say that it is worthy of Lane's sister. He also suggested that his nephews should study ancient and modern Egypt. The elder, Mr. E. Stanley Poole, has, as we have mentioned, already edited two of his uncle's works, and shares his interest in Arabic studies; the younger, Mr. R. Stuart Poole, has devoted himself chiefly to Egyptian archaeology.

On his return from Egypt, Mr. Lane found that he was unable to bear the climate of London; and, after a visit of more than a year to Hastings, settled at Worthing in the spring of 1851. His labour at the Lexicon has, as we have said, uninterruptedly continued; and three years ago he was able to take steps for its publication. The printing was entrusted to Mr. Watts, whose services to Oriental typography entitled him to be thus distinguished. A new set of types was cast, from drawings made under Mr. Lane's superintendence, by his nephew, Mr. E. Stanley Poole, more elegant and more compact than any previously in use; and the printing has gone on without delay, a great portion of the first volume being now ready for publication.

The importance of the "Lexicon" has been recognized by Government, the author having received three grants towards its expenses, from the Fund for Special Service; the first and second accorded to him by Earl Russell, when that true friend of literature (then Lord John Russell) was Premier; and the third by the late Earl of Aberdeen, when Premier; altogether amounting to seven hundred pounds. But the credit of this great undertaking is mainly due to the judgment and munificence of the Duke of Northumberland, and the unselfish energy of Mr. Lane.

The composition of so large a work, very greatly exceeding in size the most copious of all the Arabic lexicons hitherto published, and, we think, unequalled in extent by any similar production of one unassisted man, is a matter of great literary interest. It must be remembered that the only aid Mr. Lane ever received, that of his sheikh, applied to the collection of materials, not to the composition of the work itself. In that he has been entirely single-handed. His unvarying custom, without which he could never have got through so vast an amount of work, has been to labour with the utmost order, having all his books close at hand, and the most necessary resting open at the places upon which he is at work; and to complete at once whatever he writes. He never makes a second copy, and his hand is so clear, that a printer of a former work, when Mr. Lane complained of the errors of the proofs, said that such distinct writing was always given to the boys; experienced compositors could not be spared for it. Upon this principle he has been enabled, notwithstanding generally delicate health, and chronic bronchitis, to persevere in his constant labour, with no break but that of Sunday, when he turns to Hebrew and Biblical studies for recreation. He never hurries, but slowly and without interruption continues each day's task, never falling short of his time nor overstepping it, and always taking regular exercise, either in the open air or pacing in his house.

Mr. Lane has never contributed to periodical literature, nor to the transactions of any society, except the German Oriental Society, in the journal of which he printed a paper on the pronunciation of Arabic. He has accepted no honours, though it will be understood that he has had the option of several, except the honorary membership of some learned societies in this country and abroad.

Upon Oriental questions Mr. Lane has formed strong opinions. He regards Mohammadanism as a system in which, with much to admire, there is much more to abominate; and rejoices at its approaching fall. While feeling great interest in the endeavours of missionaries, he holds that until the old religion has been swept away it will scarcely be possible to effect much for the spread of Christianity in its place. He is opposed to those who would give self-government to Muslims, for he considers that they are inevitably too strongly opposed to Western civilization to receive its institutions, or, should they do so, to benefit by their enjoyment. He thinks that they should be governed with severe, but liberal justice. With respect to the Arabic language, he maintains that its right knowledge is of great value for the administration of our Eastern empire, and that a profound study of this fullest of the Semitic family will greatly advance Biblical science.



## Reviews of Books.

## HERZEGOVINA.\*

THE intelligence that Omer Pacha was about to proceed, in the autumn of last year, with the army of Roumelia to quell the disturbances in Herzegovina, inspired Lieut. Arbuthnot with the desire of visiting the scene of action and gathering by personal inspection some definite information about a district so vaguely known to Western Europe. He had the advantage of an introduction to the Turkish general, and seems to have made the most of the opportunity afforded to him of gaining an insight into the working of the Turkish Administration, the qualities of Turkish troops, and the real difficulties which lie in the way of the establishment of any stable government over the discordant and semi-civilized population of this part of Europe. In September, Omer Pacha was established at Mostar, the most important town of Herzegovina, and only a few days' march from the frontier mountains of Montenegro, at this time the stronghold of the insurgents. Lieut. Arbuthnot accompanied the army in its southward march toward Stolatz, where a deputation of inhabitants greeted Omer Pacha as pacificator of the country, and testified their delight at his arrival by kissing his stirrup-irons and the hem of his trousers. Here they found half a battalion of regular infantry, a very welcome reinforcement to the disorderly though picturesque host of Bashi Bazooks, who had hitherto formed the general's escort. Marching still southwards, they arrived at Bieliki, in sight of the Montenegrin mountains, and at this time occupied by Dervish Pacha, a general of division, as one of the intended bases of operations for the ensuing campaign. Magazines had also been formed, and provisions collected at Gasco and Trebigne, military positions, the one to the north, the other south of Bieliki. The movements of the autumn consisted of little more than sudden marches, for the purpose of scouring the districts infested by the insurgents, and occupying the chief passes of the country; but they enabled Lieut. Arbuthnot to form a favourable estimate of Omer Pacha's calmness, sound sense, and activity, and of the endurance and submission of the troops entrusted to his command. Patriotism the Turkish soldier is unable to understand; but his devotion to the Sultan and to his religion is absolute, and if he were reasonably well-drilled, honestly paid, and led by less infamous officers, he would be capable, the author thinks, of regaining in fair fight much of the waning prestige of Mahometan arms. Corruption, however, is the greatest weakness of this as of every other branch of the Turkish administration. The army consists, nominally, of 144,000 men; but it is doubtful whether more than 80,000 could be brought into the field; and the officers have acquired, in too many instances, little from their intercourse with the Western World, except a disagreeable affectation of European manners, and intemperate habits, which contrast disgracefully with the sobriety universally prevalent in the ranks.

On the 18th of September an important action seemed to be imminent. Ali Pacha was dispatched along the heights in a north-easterly direction, while on parallel mountain ridges the tracks of the insurgents were easily discernible, and the Turkish general threw off his usual ease of manner, and bestirred himself in arranging the details of the march. Lieut. Arbuthnot seems to have had a real taste for adventure, and a keen eye for whatever was picturesque in the incidents of the campaign. No violent blow was, however, attempted, partly from the lateness of the season, and partly from the desire of Omer Pacha to impress the insurgents with an idea of the Sultan's leniency, rather than to inflict upon them any signal punishment. The forces were subsequently concentrated on Gasco, and Lieut. Arbuthnot, tired of inactivity, heard with delight that a relieving force was to be dispatched to Niksich, a frontier town on the Montenegrin hills, for the purpose of replenishing its sinking stock of supplies. Their march led at first through one of the numerous gorges which intersect the country, and render it so available for guerilla warfare, and so dangerous to an invading force. Pressing on beyond, before the advance guard, the author soon found himself alone, and presently a turn of the rocks brought him a strange companion, with flowing dress of yellow serge, and a dervish's hat, who proved, though a religious devotee, to have a turn for military adventure, and whose little bay stallion and tufted lance were always well to the front in any moment of danger throughout the expedition.

Later in the day they reached another gorge, named Krustach, where the hills closed in so as to render advance against an opposing force impossible, and where a little garrison, under a Wallach colonel, was in charge of a hill-fortress. The troops streamed down the mountain-side in picturesque confusion, the infantry defiling by the narrow path, and the Bashi-Bazooks tumbling, jumping, and rolling in congenial disorder. The rugged heights of Piwa had next to be climbed, and sobbing flanks and perspiring brows soon attested the steepness of the stony path. Another valley, and a few more miles' marching, brought them to a stream, where some of the garrison of Niksich were drawn up awaiting their arrival; and the next day they brought their welcome supplies of biscuit, meal, and cattle within the walls of the town, now so sorely beset by the insurgents, that the Mussulmans could not leave it safely except in large numbers, and the burnt stubbles for miles around bespoke a vigilant and unsparing foe. The town lies just upon the Montenegrin frontier, and there is always a bullet ready for the unwary straggler who ventures upon egress in that direction. Here they found the Mirdir, a giant Albanian, seated in solemn conclave in the midst of his officials, and, though hard pressed by the insurgents, thoroughly sanguine as to the good results of Omer Pacha's arrival, and the ultimate success of the expedition.

On their return from the town the relieving party were nearly involved in a serious disaster. The nine hundred ponies which had brought the supplies were laden with sick or idle soldiers, and the whole force was advancing carelessly through a thickly-wooded country, when a violent thunder-storm came on; an order for halt was misunderstood by the advance-guard, and before the men could be got together again, dropping shots in the rear of the Mussulmans gave unwelcome evidence that the enemy was hanging about

them, and intending to harass their retreat. A vigorous skirmish ensued; but two companies of Turks, concealed on the sides of the defile, at length gave the assailants an unexpected check, and, as the night began to close in, the march was resumed. Before long the darkness became profound, and the line of advance was only occasionally discovered from the flash of a fire-lock or gleam of forked lightning. Lieut. Arbuthnot himself fell into a hole some eight feet deep, and received a blow in the face from what he believes to have been the butt-end of a rifle; but after several hours' scramble, much toil, and a host of petty casualties, the main body reached the advance-guard, and some sort of camp was established. The next day they met Omer Pacha, and found that the most extravagant reports of their misadventure had preceded them, and that the general was in anything but a pleasant humour at the risk to which his forces had been exposed, and the loss of a cannon, which had been abandoned on the route, and carried off by the enemy.

Subsequently Omer Pacha established a permanent camp at Piwa; and the insurgents, now hard run for supplies, made a desperate attack upon his position, and were repulsed three times at the point of the bayonet. During the winter he contented himself with holding the several passes which keep up the military communication of the country, and for the campaign of last spring a large force of infantry and irregulars was concentrated at Trebigne, with a view to making that town a basis of operations. The great use of such a hostile occupation is, that the rebellious Christians are prevented from getting in their crops, while the Turkish subjects are maintained in tranquillity, and can carry on the tillage of their lands without fear of disturbance.

After a month's sojourn in the camp, Lieut. Arbuthnot returned to Mostar, and began a tour through the northern portions of Herzegovina and Bosnia, making his way, at last, to Brod, on the banks of the Save, and so to Belgrade, the point of that river's junction with the Danube. Though his sympathies are, on the whole, favourable to the Mahometan Government, he does not conceal the deep distrust felt by the Christians toward their Turkish ruler, or the gross irregularities which the remissness of the Porte, and the complete corruption of every class of officials, have hitherto introduced into the management of the country. "Both Bosnia and Herzegovina," he says, "are becoming rapidly exhausted;" even in peaceable times the latter province is incapable of supporting itself, and the recent impressment of horses for the purposes of the campaign has robbed the inhabitants of their only means of transport, and so brought trade to an absolute stand-still; misgovernment the author admits, but not studied oppression. Many of the Christian complaints are exaggerations or forgeries, break down completely upon investigation, or are found to be the contrivance of Russian emissaries. As to the denial to Christians of their due weight in the medjhi, or local councils—the refusal of Christian evidence in civil cases—and the forcible abduction of Christian girls, Lieut. Arbuthnot believes that the evils are less than it is the fashion to suppose, and that the Porte is sincerely desirous, though not always successful in its attempt, of contriving an efficacious remedy.

It is rather to the demoralized condition of the Christians, and the imperfect working of state machinery, impelled and regulated by no adequate central authority, than to any systematic cruelty, that the existing evils of the case are to be attributed; and the recent symptoms of resuscitation at Constantinople may encourage the hope that both these prolific sources of disorder will for the future be curtailed of their disastrous results. The country, without doubt, admits of important development. In the course of his wanderings, Lieut. Arbuthnot discovered many proofs of its richness in mineral productions. Gold, silver, mercury, lead, copper, coal, iron, black amber, and gypsum, abound in the mountainous districts; but the restrictions hitherto imposed by the Turkish Government have been such as completely to discourage all mining speculations, and the small means of transport have rendered their success very problematical. The iron, however, is good, and, the author thinks, might be profitably worked by an efficient English company. At Brod, Lieutenant Arbuthnot found ample evidence of the vigilant activity with which Austria is guarding her Slavonian frontier, and of her readiness, on the first occasion, to effect a footing in Bosnia. Forty thousand men were posted in the neighbouring villages within a circuit of fourteen miles, and in the town itself were four thousand baggage horses ready to take the field at a moment's notice. The disturbed condition of the province, and the feeble hold exercised by the Porte over subjects so remote, offer of course every temptation to foreign interference; and the Government of Vienna may reasonably complain of turbulent neighbours in such dangerous proximity to the most disaffected portions of its own dominions. More than one great Power, no doubt, has an eye upon a possession so temptingly exposed and so little utilized by its present occupants; and Austria, already mistress of the Adriatic by her possession of Trieste and Fiume, might develop such an export trade from the Trans-Danubian provinces as would prove a very welcome addition to her impoverished exchequer. Lieutenant Arbuthnot suggests, however, that the populations on either side of the Save have no common affinities, and that Austria, instead of fomenting disturbance and impeding the growth of a rival authority, would be pursuing a sounder policy if she made her interests identical with those of the Porte, and lent her aid to the maintenance of government and the development of social order among the Slavish populations, hitherto the victims of a fitful, corrupt, and inefficient sway.

## LE PÈRE LACORDAIRE.\*

M. DE MONTALEMBERT is one of the most provoking writers of our generation. Not surpassed by Mr. Gladstone himself in copiousness of diction, and rising oftener to eloquence than his English contemporary, full of enthusiasm for liberty, and ready to make great sacrifices in her cause, he is yet perpetually calling upon us, in the name of his goddess, to sympathise with things and with people for whom we care very little. His last work is a life of Le Père Lacordaire, whom we are ready to admire as a great orator, and as a virtuous man; but whom we must consider as little more than an accidental Liberal.

\* Herzegovina; or, Omer Pacha and the Christian Rebels, with a brief account of Servia. By Lieut.-Gen. Arbuthnot. Longmans & Co. 1862.

\* Le Père Lacordaire. Par le Comte de Montalembert, l'un des quarante de l'Académie Française. Paris: Douniol. London: Williams & Norgate.



Lacordaire and his biographer met for the first time in November, 1830, at the house of the Abbé de Lammenais. The newspaper called *L'Avenir* had just been started. All three were engaged in its management, and fully believed that they would be able to effect a union between Catholic truth and the spirit of the age. Up to this time the life of Lacordaire had been marked by few events. Son of a village doctor, brought up by a mother who was devoted to the teaching of the Church, he had lost his faith when little more than a boy, and had not recovered it either at the École de Droit, or at the bar. His change of views was brought about by one of those sudden impressions which are so common in the history of religious leaders. "Un coup subit et secret de la grace" made him a Christian one day and a student at St. Sulpice the next. He was ordained priest in 1827, but until the "Conseil de Discipline" pronounced against his right to appear as an advocate, he presented himself not unfrequently at the bar in cases which concerned the clergy. *L'Avenir*, however, occupied most of his time. M. de Montalembert quotes with great approbation a long and foolish article by Lacordaire belonging to this period, which relates to the conduct of a sous-préfet who had taken strong measures to enforce the burial of a man who had not died within the pale of the Church. "Sommes nous les fossoyeurs du genre humain?" asked the young priest, forgetful of the privileges guaranteed to his order by the State, which might well ask at the hands of the clergy so trifling and so appropriate a service.

The *Avenir* had not long existed before its editors laid themselves open to a criminal charge, and Lammenais and Lacordaire were tried for sedition. M. de Montalembert quotes parts of the speech of the latter, full of false taste. Of Napoleon, for example, the orator said, "Après grands malheurs Dieu avait donné à la France un homme plus grand encore que ses malheurs;" and in his peroration, "Il n'y a que deux choses que donnent le génie; Dieu et un cachot." The accused were very properly acquitted in spite of this weak tirade, and the affair was considered a triumph by the hot young heads of the religious party.

Very soon another cause of quarrel arose with the Government—this time on the question of the liberty of instruction. The administration was arbitrary and absurd. The accused behaved very much like boys at a barrington. This time Montalembert was proceeded against along with Lacordaire, and they were both tried before the Chamber of Peers, which condemned them to a fine of 100 francs. Again, we have extracts from a speech of very second-rate merit. They gloried in their condemnation, and Liberals, although they know full well what "liberty of instruction" means in the mouths of Catholics, cannot help sympathizing with them. Lacordaire was delighted with his first year of public life. "Elle sera éternellement dans mon cœur comme une vierge qui vient de mourir," was his expression in a letter to a friend. Funds, however, began to fail, and *L'Avenir* had to be given up, leaving its three editors free to start for Rome.

Every one knows the result of that celebrated expedition. The advisers of the Pope wished the enthusiasts who took their faith seriously, anywhere but within the precincts of the Vatican. All the usual arts of evasion were put in force. Lammenais fumed and fretted, Lacordaire preached "la réserve, la résignation, la soumission," and Montalembert hesitated between the two. At last Lacordaire quitted Rome, leaving his two friends. All three soon met in Munich, where they were overtaken by the encyclical letter of August 15th, 1832. They returned to France, and appeared to acquiesce in the decision of infallible authority. Lammenais retired to La Chesnaie, in Brittany, and Lacordaire went with him. Soon, however, he found that his friend had no real intention of acknowledging himself to be in the wrong, and on the 11th December he quitted La Chesnaie. Early in 1833 appeared "Les Paroles d'un Croyant." Lammenais, ever violent, ever under the necessity of hating something with all his heart, had broken his old gods, and was henceforward to be known as the deadly foe of the principles which he had formerly maintained.

Lacordaire replied to the "Paroles d'un Croyant" by "Considerations sur le Système Philosophique de M. de Lammenais." This step occasioned a good deal of difference of opinion amongst the Neo-Catholic leaders. That excellent and very remarkable man, the late Baron d'Eckstein, and the afterwards too famous Ventura, both disapproved of the disciple's attacking his old master. Montalembert himself was at first displeased. He was at this time in Thuringia, worshipping at the shrine of St. Elizabeth. Hither Lacordaire came to seek the waverer, and after as well as before this journey, his letters appear to have been numerous. At last he was successful, and one of the most gifted of living Frenchmen was lost not only to M. de Lammenais and his visionary views, but, we must add, to all true Liberalism.

During the three years which followed his rupture with Lammenais, Lacordaire lived in Paris. He distinguished himself by his devotedness during the first great outbreak of the cholera, but soon growing weary of the great city, he longed to retire into Franche Comté. "Some day," he wrote to his friend, "when Montalembert has grown gray amidst ingratitude and celebrity, he will come to my retreat and will recognise on my brow the remains of our common youth." The Archbishop of Paris, however, insisted on his remaining in the capital, and he continued there, cheered by the friendship of Madame Swetchine, but avoiding society. His first sermon was preached in 1833 at St. Roch, and was a complete failure. "He is a man of talent," said M. Ampère, M. de Corcelles, and other listeners, "but he will never be a preacher."

Soon afterwards he was chosen preacher at the Collège Stanislas, and entered upon his duties in January, 1834. This time he was successful, and his fame rapidly increased in spite of his temporary suspension by the Archbishop of Paris, who soon after, pleased by his prompt submission, and pressed by repeated deputations from a party amongst the law students, allowed him to preach in Notre-Dame. In 1835 and 1836 he delivered some of the most famous of his discourses from the pulpit of that time-honoured church, and to this period also belongs the foundation of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, of which he and his friend Ozanam were the chief promoters.

After this great success, Lacordaire left Paris, passed a long period in Rome, and did not re-appear in the pulpit of Notre-Dame till 1841, when he ascended it in the "weeds of Dominic," proud to bring back a dress which had disappeared at the Revolution, and which is associated with so much that is most detestable in French history. From this time to the year 1848 he was chiefly occupied with the struggle for the so-called liberty of instruc-

tion, and with his sermons, which were attended by ever-increasing numbers. He threw himself with all the impetuosity of his nature into the Revolution of February, and it was then that his name first became famous in England. He sat for a few days in the Constituent Assembly, and spoke twice, but without much effect, and he was present when the mob broke into the Chamber on the 15th of May. Soon after this he ceased to edit the newspaper called "L'Ère Nouvelle," and retired to a house of his order near the Grande Chartreuse. His absence from Paris was, however, of short duration, and he preached very frequently in Notre-Dame up to April, 1851, when, under the influence of a presentiment which was curiously verified, he closed his course of sermons by a farewell, which faintly recalls the magnificent burst of feeling of Gregory Nazianzen when about to leave Constantinople. The *coup d'état* closed his connection with the metropolitan cathedral, but he preached in St. Roch on the 10th of February, 1853, and was promptly forbidden to repeat the experiment in Paris.

In 1854 he delivered six sermons at Toulouse, but again the Government took alarm, and this time he was commanded never more to preach in France. The last few years of his life were spent at the head of the great school of Sorèze. In 1859 he was elected a member of the Académie Française, in the room of De Tocqueville, and in 1861 he died, after a long and painful illness.

Perhaps the most interesting part of this book is the section which is devoted to Lacordaire as an orator. He was a real *extempore* speaker, and never committed to writing any part of his sermons, contenting himself with a short but intense study of his subject. His voice and manner must have been extremely remarkable, for the matter of his discourses does not rise much above mediocrity. M. de Montalembert quotes very largely from the published and unpublished works of his friend. We find many things well said, a few very well said, but we can discover only one really grand passage. It is so striking, and so little known, that we must quote part of it:—

"Longtemps le dernier des capitaines avait rivé le sort à la volonté; les Alpes et les Pyrénées avaient tremblé sous lui; l'Europe en silence écoutait le bruit de sa pensée, lorsque las de ce domaine où la gloire avait épuisé toutes ses ressources pour lui complaire, il se précipita jusqu'aux confins de l'Asie. Là son regard se troubla et ses aigles tournèrent la tête pour la première fois. Qu'avait-il donc rencontré? était-ce un général plus habile que lui? Non. Une armée qui n'eût pas encore été vaincue? Non. Qu'avait-il donc rencontré? Il avait rencontré le protecteur des faibles, l'asile des peuples opprimés, le grand défenseur de la liberté humaine; il avait rencontré l'espace, et toute sa puissance avait failli sous ses pieds."

And so the orator proceeds, retaining this elevated tone through another long paragraph.

We must make great allowances for M. de Montalembert and his friends. Their position is an impossible one. They would fain be Liberal, but they are devotedly Catholic; that is to say, they would reconcile two ideas which absolutely exclude each other. We cannot call a man a real Liberal who wears any fetters upon his intelligence. This limitation would, however, exclude half the people who think themselves Liberals, and we are free to admit that Lacordaire, and still more the remarkable school which is growing up amongst the English Catholics, are quite as Liberal as many who would be surprised to find themselves in such company. But after taking the exception that M. de Montalembert's views are fallacious from beginning to end, we have nothing more to say against the book. Like its author's conversation, it is clear, fresh, fascinating—the outpouring of a nature which may be mistaken, but is essentially pure and noble. May the time soon come when that eloquent voice shall once more resound from the tribune of a constitutional assembly! We shall often, perhaps, hear it defending causes with which we have no sympathy, and obstructing what we think useful reforms; but it will, nevertheless, be an exponent of opinions which have a right to be heard, and which are at present obliged to confine themselves to a war of allusions, or to the posthumous vengeance which announces itself in one passage of this book, where the author, alluding to Lacordaire's opinions on the present régime, says, "Scribantur hæc in generatione altera."

#### MODERN LOVE AND POEMS OF THE ENGLISH ROADSIDE, &c.\*

WE have several heads of indictment against Mr. George Meredith. In the first place, he belongs to a school which has been of late years active, to a pernicious degree, in the attempt to divorce poetry from its true companion and interpreter, verse. Not that these writers are content with producing mere prose. Open a volume written by one of them, and the surface of words, so far as the eye is concerned, is analogous to a page of Tennyson or any other master of versification. But read a score of lines with a view to their effect upon the ear, and you will be irritated beyond measure. First comes a series of jerky sentences, each ending in the middle of a line. Next you light upon a superfluity of syllables, foisted in against all conceivable laws of gods and men and metre; then upon an unnatural transposition of accent; and then upon some marked discord between sense and rhythm. It is to be lamented that Mrs. Browning is not altogether guiltless of helping on this miserably exaggerated reaction against a system of versification in which the tune counted for everything. Early in "Aurora Leigh," for instance, we are required to accept the following as blank verse:—"I learnt a little algebra, a little of the mathematics, brushed with extreme flounce the circle of the sciences, because she disliked women who are frivolous," and so on. But a fault that may well find pardon when committed by a poet of high genius is far less tolerable when freely indulged in, or perhaps even pointedly affected, by those who have no solid excuse for despising the reins of discipline. Of such is Mr. George Meredith. That he is undoubtedly able, if he chooses, to write musically, we hold to be a great aggravation of his metrical offences. "I beg your pardon, but I really did it on purpose," is no valid apology for so many unpleasant shocks to our auricular tympanum. There is, indeed, the alternative that our grosser critical sense is incapable of

\* Modern Love, and Poems of the English Roadside, &c. By George Meredith. Chapman & Hall, London.



appreciating the hidden melody that pervades such a line as the following:—

"Am I failing? for no longer can I cast."

Or this one:—

"Our eyes grow white, encountering; that we are three,  
Forgetful;"

or of gaining satisfaction from the trisyllabic rendering of words like "twiddling" and "brethren;" but when we consider how widely different is the word-music of the acknowledged kings of verse, we cannot but feel some confidence that our unfavourable judgment of a style which abounds in such vagaries as we have quoted is completely justified.

But we have heavier charges than that of defective and incorrect versification to prefer against Mr. Meredith. The most ambitious part of his volume consists of a series of sixteen-line sonnets, treating of "Modern Love." These sonnets are intended to be consecutive, and to shadow forth some kind of story. Probably no two readers will exactly agree as to what the story is, but there is certainly a wife, a jealous husband, and some indistinct phantom of a lover. The husband is sometimes wading in a sort of philosophic doubt as to what he ought to do, or whom he ought to kill; but he is generally in a state which may be best described as that of nothing in particular. Thus much is comparatively clear. It would, one might think, be plain to the mind of every one that, however we shift or shuffle the characters indicated, there is ample scope for the delineation of deep and genuine passion. There is positively no excuse for unintelligible writing on a theme like this. It is not too much to say that any man, who could behold this vision with the true poetic eye, would guard against the barest possibility of being misapprehended by his readers. He would feel that he was painting a dread human reality, and that his words could not be too simple, solemn, and severe. He would, above all things, shun intellectual conceits, flimsy mannerisms, and phrases merely recondite. Now reverse all this, and you have the mode of treatment which Mr. George Meredith thinks worthy of his subject. He is stilted, obscure, and unreal. The whole thing is from beginning to end a mere exercise of ingenuity, with scarcely a spark of true feeling in the core of it. No human being ever would or could muse and talk of anything which nearly concerned him in the strain which Mr. Meredith uses throughout. If he has got an idea (which is not always to be taken for granted), Mr. Meredith seems to ask himself not how he may express that idea with the most direct plainness and lucidity, but how he may best succeed in veiling it from the eyes of the vulgar. He writes poetry in the diplomatic style, using language to conceal thought. The consequence is that our sympathy is never once enlisted. His stage-phantoms dream and glimmer and swoon, perhaps to the author's own edification, but to our supreme indifference. Let the end be suicide, murder, general conflagration, or the profound satisfaction of all parties, and the equanimity of the reader will be alike undisturbed. We are reading, not of men or women, but of shadows about as substantial as those of a magic lantern. Now obscurity and unreality are bad enough in themselves; but when they are the result of affectation they are doubly blameable. We accuse Mr. Meredith of going out of his way in order to appear intense and thoughtful. Can any one believe that such a phrase as this came naturally?—

"And from her eyes, as from a poison-cup,  
He drank until the glittering eyelids screen'd."

But to give an idea of the pervading far-fetched character of the poem, let us quote one of the least inscrutable sonnets in the book, which, moreover, may or may not have some value as tending to give a hint of the situation meant to be embodied in "Modern Love":—

"You like not that French novel? Tell me why  
You think it most unnatural. Let us see.  
The actors are, it seems, the usual three:  
Husband, and wife, and lover. She—but fie!  
In England we'll not hear of it. Edmond,  
The lover, her devout chagrin doth share;  
Blanc-mange and absinthe are his penitent fare,  
Till his pale aspect makes her overfond:  
So, to preclude fresh sin, he tries rosbiif.  
Meantime the husband is no more abused:  
Auguste forgives her ere the tear is used.  
Then hangeth all on one tremendous If:—  
If she will choose between them! she does choose;  
And takes her husband like a proper wife.  
Unnatural? My dear, these things are life:  
And life, they say, is worthy of the Muse."

If this is not enough, try one more example:—

"Madam would speak with me. So, now it comes:  
The Deluge, or else Fire! She's well; she thanks  
My husbandship. Our chain through silence clanks.  
Time leers between us, twiddling his thumbs.  
Am I quite well? Most excellent in health!  
The journals too I diligently peruse.  
Vesuvius is expected to give news:  
Niagara is no noisier. By stealth  
Our eyes dart scrutinizing snakes. She's glad  
I'm happy, says her quivering under-lip.  
'And are you not?' 'How can I be?' 'Take ship!  
For happiness is somewhere to be had.'  
'Nowhere for me!' Her voice is barely heard.  
I am not melted, and make no pretence.  
With truisms I freeze her, tongue and sense.  
Niagara, or Vesuvius, is deferred."

Now these things are done in the green tree. Mr. Meredith is as yet only half himself. Let us take him in his transcendental mood:—

"This lesson of our only visible friend  
Can we not teach our foolish hearts to learn?  
Yes! yes!—but oh, our human rose is fair  
Surpassingly! Lose calmly Love's great bliss,  
When the renew'd forever of a kiss  
Sounds thro' the listless hurricane of hair!"

Now it is really painful to find a man of talent taking up with this sort of thing. A style like this may have its day, but it is not human, and can possess no claim to permanent recognition. A poet who really feels the dignity of his office, and who knows clearly the message he desires to convey, will not trifle with meaningless ambiguities, because they may for the moment be fashionable. It is a mistake to strive too diligently after self-emancipation from the forms of the hour; but to be the chained slave of a few transient superficialities is a far graver trespass against the spirit of poetry. The nineteenth century has no doubt given birth to obscurer and more intricate modes of thought than previously existed. That these should be described

with a plain primitive simplicity it were vain to expect, but we do ask that the poet who attempts to interpret them should recognize the fact that his calling is to interpret and not to darken. Mr. Meredith, consciously or unconsciously, holds the contrary doctrine, and the result is a series of poems which to many will convey no meaning whatever. We have been the less scrupulous in expressing our real opinion of these sonnets, because Mr. Meredith has already fortified himself against our objections. We are in not the least danger of doing violence to his feelings. The motto prefixed to these sonnets runs thus: "This is not meat for little people or for fools." We shall, of course, be set down by the author of "Modern Love" as a member of one or both of these classes. We shall not return the compliment by a *Tu quoque*. Mr. Meredith is neither a little person nor a fool. If he will learn to speak naturally, he can say much that we shall be glad to listen to. Even in "Modern Love" there are a few passages which tempt us to exclaim, "*O si sic omnia!*" We quote one of the best, though even in this, intelligible as it is on the whole, when taken in connection with the context, the besetting fault is still traceable:—

"Out in the yellow meadows, where the bee  
Hums by us with the honey of the Spring,  
And showers of sweet notes from the larks on wing,  
Are dropping like a noon-dew, wander we.  
Or is it now? Or was it then? For now,  
As then, the larks from running rings send showers,  
The golden foot of May is on the flowers,  
And friendly shadows dance upon her brow.  
What's this, when Nature swears there is no change  
To challenge eyesight? Now, as then, the grace  
Of Heaven seems holding Earth in its embrace.  
Nor eyes, nor heart, has she to feel it strange?  
Look, woman, in the west. There wilt thou see  
An amber cradle near the sun's decline:  
Within it, featured even in death divine,  
Is lying a dead infant, slain by thee!"

We have discussed these sonnets of "Modern Love" at greater length than we otherwise should have done, because Mr. George Meredith has talent sufficient to make his influence not entirely nugatory. Any milk-and-water imitations of "Modern Love" would be altogether beyond endurance; and the style is one which is so remarkably easy of imitation that we are anxious to deter other and inferior abilities, if possible, from making themselves ridiculous. We wish it were in our power to bestow unqualified praise upon any of the remaining poems in the volume. There are some stanzas not without power in a poem called "Cassandra." There are also lines which may be read with pleasure in an "Ode to the Spirit of Earth in Autumn;" but the good and bad are so intertwined that we find it impossible to quote any consecutive passage with explicit approval. In that part of the volume called "Roadside Philosophers" we have a fault to find distinct from those which we have already enumerated. It ought by this time to be understood that a poet may be simple and plain-spoken, without ceasing to be refined. If this is impracticable, Wordsworth has lived and taught in vain. Whoever is able to penetrate beneath the outer diversity of custom, habit, and compulsory modes of life, into the true hidden heart of humanity, will not find it necessary to be vulgar in depicting the common-place. There is true tenderness latent in the coarsest natures, and it is the function of any poet who aspires to elicit our sympathies by depicting everyday life, to sift this out without offending our finer perceptions. Mr. George Meredith, however, seems to suppose that there is no legitimate medium between the language of high transcendentalism, and the vernacular of the market-place. It would be unfair to pick out and place in juxtaposition lines which, in the volume itself, occur at distant intervals. The following stanza, presenting by no means an extreme instance, will suffice to indicate our meaning:—

"You've heard that Hungary's floor'd?  
They've got her on the ground.  
A traitor broke her sword:  
Two despots hold her bound.  
I've seen her gasping her last hope:  
I've seen her sons strung up b' the rope."

These lines occur in a poem called "The Patriot Engineer." The gentleman who pronounces them has been earning his bread in Austria, but after the crushing down of Hungary, will no longer condescend to serve the house of Hapsburg, even in a strictly professional capacity. This is all very well; but we are at a loss to see why we should not have been informed of the fact in good English. The "roadside philosophy," as Mr. Meredith would term it, would have been equally impressive and far more pleasing. An author who thinks to add to the fidelity of his representation by inserting vulgarisms is altogether mistaken. A word or phrase, which is harmless and unnoticed in ordinary conversation, becomes harsh and prominent when recorded in type. That which was a mere wrinkle is deepened and magnified into a positive scar or chasm. It is the general effect and manner of the living man that the poet ought dramatically to imitate; and he ought not to forget that verse itself implies a certain process of idealization. If we are to make a patriot engineer talk in rhyme or metre at all, we surely need not stickle for his peculiar dialect. If we sacrifice the greater reality, why trouble ourselves about the less? To do so is to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. It is, perhaps, to the general slipshod manner, encouraged by the style to which we have objected, that we may attribute Mr. Meredith's occasional lapses in grammar. He writes in one place,—

"I bleed, but she who wounds I will not blame;"

and it would not be difficult to find other examples.

In conclusion, if Mr. Meredith will condescend to listen to us, we cannot do better than advise him to study his Wordsworth anew. By the example of that great poet, he will perceive that it is possible to convey the profoundest feelings and thoughts of which man is capable, in language that may readily be understood, and to describe the humblest phases of "roadside philosophy," without in the slightest degree offending the taste of the most fastidious reader.

#### WOMEN IN PRISON.\*

AN ex-matron of Millbank Penitentiary, gifted with shrewd observation of character and incident, has not unskillfully taken up the pen, to show us the inner life of our prisons on the female side. Women in gaol, poor

\* Female Life in Prison. By a Prison Matron. Two vols. Hurst & Blackett.



wicked creatures, are still very interesting objects of psychological study; they are so much more demonstrative in their passions than men in gaol, whose criminality is often accompanied with dull, obtuse apathy, or with the mechanical fixity of vicious habit. Female depravity simmers and boils more vehemently than that of the other sex.

The authoress, who has ceased to belong to the staff of prison matrons, takes occasion to point out that, in some respects, that useful class of public servants are hardly pressed upon by the existing arrangements; their duties being excessively burthensome, with very insufficient means of enforcing the discipline required. But she says, "I am not a woman with a mission or a grievance;" her book is neither a scheme for re-organizing the prisons, nor an indictment against the present system. She merely undertakes to give us "a true and impartial account of prison life," as she has seen it amongst her own sex in Millbank Penitentiary and in the Brixton House of Correction. It is the behaviour and condition of the inmates, rather than the constitution of the prisons themselves, which she endeavours to discuss and to portray. If we would become really acquainted with that strange, wild, excitable class, we must apply for information about them to the prison officers, who are wholly employed in attending to them and keeping them under control. Remaining for months and years under the matrons' care, their characters can be understood by these more thoroughly than by visitors, who only see them for a few minutes at a time, in daily or weekly inspection. This book, which is not less instructive than entertaining, is therefore a valuable contribution to a most perplexing branch of social science. Government and the legislature have plenty of blue-books which, bristling with statistics, display the outward apparatus of punishment, the extent and cost of our convict establishments, and number of their inmates. What the authoress would here describe is the human life within.

Having simply and thoughtfully stated her reasons for publishing these volumes, she proceeds to give an account of the ordinary routine at Millbank. The first inexorable rule to which the fresh prisoner has to submit is a trial that is always one of the hardest to bear. It is that of having the hair cut. We are told that many women, whose hearts have not quailed at the murder of their infants, or at poisoning their husbands, will yet clasp their hands in horror at this sacrifice. Some women think that they can escape the ordeal by a cunning appeal to an imaginary principle of common law. An old woman of sixty gave the greatest trouble. On one occasion she made her appearance again in the prison where she had been more than once before:—

"No, Miss B., she said, drawing herself up with the haughtiness of a duchess, 'not this time, Miss B. It can't be done.' The matron, however, remained unconvinced. 'Things have altered a little, Miss B., since I saw you last. You've no power to touch a hair of my head, mum—you daren't do it.' 'How's that?' asked the matron, curious to know what she meant. 'If you please, mum, I'm married,' said the old woman, regarding the matron with an air of triumph."

It appears that the women have this curious idea, that when they are married, "it's the husband's hair," and cannot legally be touched. One woman, "with the fury of a tigress and the limbs of an athlete," required the assistance of three men to secure her during the operation of hair-cutting. Another, a young Scotch girl, became so frantic that she was delirious for a day and a night after it. "Dinna cut my hair! oh, dinna cut my hair!" was the cry that rang along the dismal corridors as she lay in that state. As one reads of this, one might almost begin to feel as if it were a wanton barbarity to enforce the rule; but we must remember that it is mercy, not cruelty, to surround guilt with all that may make it repulsive and abhorrent. "The impression left upon the prisoner's mind is not a pleasant one," says our authoress; and surely not the mildest of philanthropists could wish that the first entrance into the dwelling-place of crime should be made agreeable or inviting. The hair-cutting, were it for this reason alone, ought to be insisted upon.

"Taken as a class," our authoress observes, "the women were not unhappy under the monotony of prison-life. The liberty of passing to the outer world excepted, they are better off than many other women. They are well cared for, their health is scrupulously regarded, their food is good, their taskmasters are considerate and kind." But let us see how they pass their days.

The day at Millbank begins at 6 A.M. with the inspection of the prisoners in their cells by the matrons. The rattle-rattle of the bolts along the ward is a peculiar sound, the first sign of daily life. Work of different kinds then commences. At Millbank the work is carried on by each woman in solitude; at Brixton, to which place women are removed whose conduct at Millbank has been good for ten months, two of them work together. There is the daily morning service at 9.45; at 12.30 water is served out; at 1 o'clock the dinner-bell is rung; each prisoner is provided with 4 oz. of boiled meat,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of potatoes, and a 6-oz. loaf. After dinner their work is resumed. One hour each day is allowed for exercise. This is the most tedious and monotonous hour of her daily life to the matron, as she has to stand and keep careful watch over her flock of black sheep all the while. Sometimes, on a hot summer's day, a matron will be so overcome by the drowsy monotony and by the heat, as to drop asleep. On such occasions, and very properly, the matron for so doing is liable to suspension, and a summons to the governor's quarters. From this censure the authoress herself was saved, on one occasion, by one of the women, who twitched her lightly by the shawl to wake her. They go back to the cells to work again, till they get their gruel at 5.30, after which the matron reads a few prayers; the list is called over, and work recommences until 7.45. Reading is allowed until 8.30, when the prisoners make their beds. At 8.45 the gas is turned off, and at 9 the night matron, whose duty it is to parade the corridors, and to pass every cell once an hour, begins her dreary task; keeping watch for possible outbreaks or for signals on the wall, and listening, perhaps, "to the wild snatches of song, like the screeching of some demon" from the dark cell; and thus wandering to and fro like a restless spirit, until the daylight filters through the windows of the prison-house.

The appeal which our authoress makes on behalf of the matrons is for an increase in their number. They also need, at Brixton, the power of procuring immediate assistance from a sufficient number of men, in case of an outbreak. The matron's hours of duty are from 6 A.M. until 9 or 10 P.M. on three alternate days in the week; from 6 A.M. to 6 P.M. on the other days; with a "Sunday out" occasionally, and during the year fourteen days' holidays, from which are deducted the days of sick leave, unfortunately not few

or far between. These hours seem indeed to be too long, and the labour too arduous. The appointment of a few more matrons would obviate this hardship. "I have seen," says the authoress, "women off duty on the twelve hour nights fling themselves exhausted on their beds, too tired to take advantage of the fresh air which they are at liberty to seek in the day-time." In the official reports, she remarks, there is evidently some timidity about entering upon any topic that suggests extra expense. The Rev. J. H. Moran, however, the chaplain of Brixton Prison, in his report for 1859, says, "I think the staff of officers is small; and I venture to observe that if the number could be increased, it would be a great advantage."

In speaking generally of the prisoners, our authoress says, that as a class, they are deceitful, crafty, malicious, lewd, and void of common feeling. Comparing the men and women in the penal classes, there is not one man to match the worst of the women. It may appear strange that these worst women are not always those imprisoned for the worst crimes. There are few murderesses among them, but many have been convicted again and again for theft, and are Satanically proud of their offences. On the whole, however, the impression left on the mind by these volumes is, that these prisoners are like children, only with all the innocence and touching helplessness of childhood absent, and with their ignorance, passion, thoughtlessness, and sometimes their vanity, greatly intensified. It is noticeable that they say it is *never* their own fault when they come back to prison; it is always "along of that Ball," or "that Matthews, who is such a liar." The majority of the women are inordinately vain and incorrigibly mischievous. Witness, for an instance of vanity, Mary Ann Ball, a bold, handsome girl, at the time of her first appearance about nineteen years old, who "appropriates the ropes of her hammock for a full skirt, and to give the prison-dress a fashionable appearance, a few hours after putting it on." This Mary Ann Ball also invented a novel kind of bandoline, made from the candle, which, at Brixton, is still used instead of gas. She stiffened her stays with wires drawn from the windows of the cells; and this was discovered by her fainting in chapel from tight-lacing. The women have a great objection to the regulation-bonnets—"large straw bonnets, whose peculiar poke-shape would disgust a charwoman of eighty-five!"

Mary Ann Ball was not less noted for her cunning and extraordinary strength. While in gaol at Stafford, she had torn up an iron plate firmly secured to the floor. Ball was not to be tamed; she might be killed by hard discipline, but could never be made one of the well-behaved women. When affronted she would shiver the windows, and mark her progress to the dark cell, when carried there, "by shreds from her garments, and tufts of hair from the man's head and whiskers." She would positively refuse to answer when the night matron tapped at the cell-door while going on her rounds, so giving the matron the extra trouble of unlocking, to see that she had done herself no harm. Yet, on one occasion, when the matron had told her she was tired, as she had been nursing a little sick brother all day, on her next round, when she tapped, Ball replied, "Good night, miss, God bless you!" This girl, Mary Ann Ball, since her last imprisonment, has taken her departure to America. Let us hope she will sober down.

Very different are the Garnets (a fictitious name), mother and daughter. These were two hard-working women, who have since gone back to their old homes. They were tried for the wilful starvation of a young child, daughter of the elder prisoner. The husband, a shepherd, was also tried for the same offence, but his constant absence from home was looked upon as an extenuating fact,—he was imprisoned for one year. They were convicted on the evidence of two other daughters. "They arrived, two pitiable emaciated creatures, . . . whose chance of working out their sentence seemed doubtful. From the first day of their arrival to the last day of their sentence they were cool, undemonstrative women, . . . civil to the matrons, grateful in their quiet way for kindness, . . . but shy of speaking." On the prison diet they gradually gathered strength,—the younger beginning to exhibit some briskness in her work, and contentment with her position,—the famine-haunted look vanished from her eyes. Still they evinced no desire to see each other or know anything. "Don't you want to know how your daughter is getting on?" the elder prisoner was asked. "She's getting on very well; she be a quiet girl and no trouble to you, I'm sure, lady." The daughter, on being asked a similar question, "hoped mother hadn't been a-fidgetting." After a time they were placed in the same cell; the daughter was asked if she was not glad to have her mother as a companion. "Ye-e-s, lady, it's a kind of change; but she do make a litter and a mess, to be sure." "I am more inclined," says our authoress, "to think that it was this apathetic indifference that was the cause of the child's death, rather than any studied intent to starve her from the world."

Granny Collis was a little, spare, pretty old woman, with a chirping voice; good tempered, even merry at times; but more a favourite with the officers than with the prisoners, being too civil, meek, and obedient to please them. She came in for a petty theft at seventy years of age. "I don't know what I shall do," she said, "when my time is up; there's no one to take care of me outside, and I'm afraid they'll treat me badly at the workhouse." She worked out her sentence, went to the workhouse, and re-appeared after two months for another petty theft. "I have come to settle for good," she said; "I know I've done very wrong, but I could not keep away. . . . I have tried the workhouse, but they're so terribly noisy there, and there's not half the order there should be, and everybody wants to quarrel so." She died in prison, at the age of seventy-six. "Breaking-out,"—that is to say, smashing the windows, breaking up the cell furniture, and tearing the dress,—seems to be an impulse of almost physical nature in the younger and more excitable female prisoners. No doubt the gaol doctor would tell us that this is partly owing to the variable temperament natural to women. "Tib," a noted character, dreaded by the matrons from the trouble she gives, says, on one occasion, after an outbreak, "It is such a jolly breeze this," dancing round her cell all the time. "Have the men been sent for yet?" she asks. On another occasion "Tib" takes a "header" into a snow-drift, while walking in the yard, amidst the shrieks of laughter of the other women. Another, MacWilliams, is heard screaming with laughter in her cell, and, on going to inquire, it was found that she had been cutting the broom's hair, "which was too long for the regulations." The breaking-out mania is contagious. A matron once imparted to the authoress that "when I hear the glass shattering and the women screaming, my temples throb, my ears tingle, and I want to break out dreadfully."



The notorious Alice Grey was a prisoner in Millbank. The details of the career of crime through which she passed found their way into all the papers in 1856. Under different aliases, and with different stories, she contrived to deceive a great number of intelligent people. Now she was a Protestant escaping from Jesuitical intrigue and coercion; then a Roman Catholic lady flying from a stern Calvinistic father.

"Her trunks and purses were constantly being stolen, . . . to avoid suspicion she never hesitated to charge some one with robbing herself. . . . In England alone twenty-nine innocent persons were charged by her, nine of whom were convicted on her testimony. . . . She deliberately procured the conviction of two boys at Chester, who were afterwards liberated. . . . At Stafford, to the amazement of the public, the jury found no true bill. At last, being sentenced to four years' penal servitude, she shows herself very boastful. 'I am the fascinating Alice Grey,' she says. She was, indeed, a handsome girl, with a pretty face, white skin, delicate colour, and a soft voice.

"Grahame (a fictitious name) was a Scotchwoman, who was led astray by a female friend in early life, grew fond of dancing and low society, . . . and finally ran away from home, and came at last to the streets. . . . Being mixed up with a quarrel which ended in murder, she was sentenced to penal servitude for twenty-one years. When removed to Brixton, she improved rapidly; was a Number One woman earning her shilling a week; and waited on a sick matron kindly. When set at liberty she went straight to the Prisoners' Aid. A sister of the matron she had nursed offered her a home. Her hands dropped to her side,—her face turned deathly white, then crimson. At last she found relief in a passionate burst of tears. 'Dinna say more yet, lady, . . . it's too good to be true.' She went to the situation, and lived there until she had gained a character as an upright, faithful servant, was loved by the little children of the house, and was happy for a time. But on a certain day a letter arrived. After this she was restless, and at last was missing one morning. A letter to the mistress was found on the breakfast table. It was a strange, passionate epistle, begging a thousand pardons, . . . but she could not lead such a quiet life."

Some housekeeping money entrusted to her the night before, as well as the plate, was found quite safe. Some months afterwards she was seen with an acquaintance named Francis, whom she had been warned against while in prison. We need not pursue the story of her relapse into crime.

The Prison Matron tells another story equally painful, about one of the young women at Millbank, who had been innocently and religiously brought up, being the daughter of a respectable farmer in Wales. She was seen there and basely seduced by a profligate tourist, who abandoned her to cruel disgrace. She fled from her parents' home, was urged by distress into habits of crime, and at length became an inmate of the prison. One day being allowed to sit in her ward with the inner door open, and the iron grating left as a screen, visitors came to inspect the prison. Glancing towards Ellis's cell, an inquiry was made as to the reason of that cell being more open than the rest. Suddenly there was a strange silence that struck even the matron with surprise, and the inquiring visitor, a gentleman, stood as rigid as a statue, staring at a face white as death that glared at him through the grating. The visitor moved on, asked if she were seriously ill, and the nature of her sentence; then he finished his inspection and left the prison. Ellis still stood at the grate, as though she had been turned to stone. The matron asked her, "What is the matter, Ellis?" "Who was that man?" was her question, in reply. "I do not know," answered the matron. "Did you see him look at me?" asked the wretched woman. "Oh, my God! well he might. . . . God is my judge, that man led me first to ruin. Before I knew him I was an innocent girl." But some weeks after, she said to the matron, with perhaps a touch of her old attachment returning, "Don't say anything about it: p'raps 'twas my nonsense after all." Perhaps he will read the Prison Matron's book.

#### THE LIPARI ISLANDS.\*

THIS lady, who *pour l'amour du Grec* has embraced the *nom de plume* of "Elpis Melena," is one born in England of German parentage; and it is in the German language that she has written this, as well as several other books of travel. It was worth translating, for the Lipari Islands are not yet a hackneyed subject of description, and her powers of description as well as of observation are quite worthy of the task; while the indefatigable spirit with which she gets through both hardships and perils on her business-like errand of exploration is worthy of Madame Ida Pfeiffer's sex and nation. Madame Elpis Melena, indeed, when she visited Calabria and the Lipari Islands in October, 1860, was not an Unprotected Female, but was accompanied by a Captain D—, and sometimes mistaken for his daughter. She appears to have had but two objects in view, upon her arrival at Naples by the French steamer; one of which was to behold the volcanic wonders of the Sicilian Archipelago, and the other was to pay a visit to Garibaldi on her way. Many were the ladies of cosmopolitan education and ultra-liberal sympathies who fluttered about the brilliant flame of his romantic achievements in Southern Italy two years ago. Elpis Melena had a previous acquaintance with him, for she had been one of a little party which accompanied him in the autumn before through the pine-forests of Ravenna, to revisit the spot where his wife sank down to die in 1849, when, after the fall of Rome, they were hunted by the Austrian dogs of war. The Dictator of Naples, however, at the precise moment of Elpis Melena's arrival, was so busy with the siege of Capua, that she thought it best to defer her personal attentions to him. The carriage in which she had driven out towards his headquarters could not, in fact, make way against a throng of waggons laden with his wounded comrades from the battle of the Volturno, which was at that instant raging; and a basketful of choice fruit she had brought for him from Nice was very wisely at once distributed by her among those brave and bleeding men. Garibaldi had desired this little gift for the sake of his native place, the cession of which to France he never could forgive. It was for this remembrance he cared, and not for the figs, apples, and pears; though we are gravely told by his lady admirer that, as an instance of his love of fruit, "he took advantage of a few days' leisure, during the expedition to Sicily, to run over to Caprea with no other object than to regale himself with some of his own water-melons." We recollect, however, that his real object in that sudden trip, which puzzled the news-

paper correspondents for a day or two, afterwards proved to be to prepare accommodation in one of the Sardinian ports for the reinforcements secretly on their way to carry his victorious arms across the Straits of Messina. Madame Elpis Melena, though she doated upon the hero personally, did not care to burn her wings, as a sentimental tourist, by hovering too long or too closely about the scene of action, where his other feminine allies, such as our countrywoman the Signora White Mario, were doing useful service in the military hospitals at that time. On the evening, indeed, of the same day of battle, when she approached near enough to see the dying and the slain, our authoress, having returned to her hotel at Naples, did encounter a serious personal danger. She had very incautiously eaten some oysters which happened to be "in love," and she had washed them down with copious libations of iced beer, the result of which was an attack of illness which had nearly put a stop to her going to the Lipari Islands, or anywhere else. Medical assistance was, in her case, aided to effect a cure, by a salutary fit of laughter at the notion of those amorous bivalves which had so painfully disagreed with her. She is in the habit of quoting Byron, and it might have occurred to her that—

"An oyster may be crossed in love; and why?  
Because he mopeth idly in his shell," &c.

Anyhow, her fancy was much tickled with the popular explanation of the unwholesomeness of oysters at that season of the year. She may not have been acquainted with the familiar English rule, that "they should not be eaten except when there's an *r* in the month," that is, not in the summer months, from May to August inclusive. But leaving this chapter of Neapolitan experiences, we follow her, with her friend the captain, in a coasting-vessel along the picturesque Calabrian shore, landing at Pizzo, the scene of Murat's last mad venture and tragical fate. Thence, by a midnight ride on donkey-back through a frightful mountain path, they went to Tropea, where they embarked again in a leaky tub scarcely fit to put to sea, and with some risk and much alarm succeeded at last in reaching the Lipari Islands.

This curious group, which is situated off the north coast of Sicily, distant therefrom about thirty miles, and twice as far from the coast of Calabria, was called by the ancients the Islands of Æolus, or sometimes the Islands of Vulcan. As mentioned by Greek and Roman historians, natural philosophers, and poets, the number appears to have been seven; there are now twelve, but the difference is accounted for by supposing either that submarine earthquakes or volcanic disturbances have since uplifted a few more; or else, which seems more probable, that the sea has burst into the great crater of Panaria, formerly six miles in diameter, and that the highest ridges and peaks once belonging to that island have thus become insulated by themselves. The Island of Vulcano is said by Pliny to have been raised up by an earthquake in the year U.C. 550. Its desolate and formidable aspect, with precipitous cliffs utterly devoid of vegetation, and its ever-burning crater filled with smoke by day and fire by night, are well described by the authoress here. But the first island to which she takes us is Stromboli, a volcano always in constant eruption, whose crater is 3,000 feet above the level, belching forth, every ten minutes or quarter of an hour, fiery showers of red-hot stones which fall hissing into the sea, and which are usually accompanied with tremendous bursts of flame. On the sides or at the foot of this restless mountain are two or three rude hamlets, occupied by a population of four or five hundred persons, who employ themselves in growing cotton and in producing a delicious sort of wine. Unlike Stromboli, in this respect, are the larger islands, whose volcanoes have for ages been extinct. There is a town of 12,000 inhabitants at Lipari, which has an old Moorish castle garrisoned by sixty soldiers, a bishop's palace, hospital, and college. Shortly before our travellers got there, the people had rioted and put to death, by Lynch law, their Syndic, a Bourbonist rogue convicted of having embezzled the funds raised by public subscription to buy corn in the famine season. Besides agriculture, the staple resource of this island is the export of pumice-stone, which is scarcely found in large quantities elsewhere in Europe, though some of the hills of Lipari are entirely formed of it. Another island, Salina, which produces salt, has a population of five thousand. Alum and sulphur are procured from ponds on the sterile shore of the Island of Vulcano, which we have mentioned. The state of social civilization in the inhabited isles is backward, and the towns are dull and squalid; but there is much to interest the traveller in passing, with a few hours' or a few days' sojourn, from one to the other. Elpis Melena, being very active and eager for knowledge, made the best use of her short time. While at Stromboli she attempted to get to the top of the mountain, but after a long and most fatiguing walk over blocks of lava, through thickets of prickly plants, and, worse than all, knee-deep in loose ashes, with a violent storm of wind around that Æolian summit, she was obliged to descend. Of Vulcano she saw rather too much, for after a day in climbing its bare precipitous cliffs, and in surveying the edges of its huge crater, with its brimstone ponds, hot springs, and other natural curiosities of the place, she and her companion missed the packet-boat which was to have conveyed them from Lipari to Milazzo that afternoon; and then, having got a small boat at Lipari to start with them after nightfall, in very threatening weather, they were driven by tempest to take shelter under the cliffs of Vulcano, where, drenched with sea-water and half-famished, they had to pass the night in a cave. Fortunately they reached Milazzo next day, by a very perilous navigation, and were probably very glad to have got away from the Lipari Islands, which may be commended to the enterprise of our yachtsmen.

Milazzo, the scene of one of Garibaldi's memorable combats, is to the admirers of patriotic valour a classic spot; and the authoress naturally lingers for two or three pages upon it. She met a very aged woman, who, noticing the wretched plight she was in after the rough sea passage, bade her enter her poor cottage, to dry her clothes and to eat of such bread as she had in store, refusing payment for this simple hospitality. Upon this our authoress says:—

"I looked at her in silent astonishment, surprised also at the cleanliness and order of the house and her person. 'You have certainly reached a fine old age, good mother,' said I. 'Ninety-eight years can Madre Brigitta number,' she replied; 'but not so much for that do I thank God, as I do for having enabled me to live to see the deliverance of my country, and set eyes on the "divino Erro" to whom we owe that deliverance. Four of my grandsons and six of my great grandsons serve under his banner. In spite of my age I managed to creep down to the harbour to see him land. I wanted to kiss his

\* Calabria and the Lipari Islands in the year 1860. By Elpis Melena. Saunders, Otley, & Co.



hand, but that he would not permit. He bent from his horse and said, "Your blessings rest on your grandchildren, Madre Brigitta; they are among my best men." Hot tears rolled down the old woman's cheeks as she related this to me."

From Milazzo, to meet the diligence for Messina, the lady and her companion rode "in a car which was without seats, but had its sides painted in a horrible manner with representations of the fires of purgatory." By the aid, however, of this pleasant vehicle, they got to Messina just in time for the steamer back to Naples. Elpis Melena had only a few hours to spare at Naples, as she was to proceed by the same steamer to Genoa or to Marseilles; but she contrived to run up to Caserta by the railway, and to have an interview with General Garibaldi, who greeted her with respectful tenderness. Of him, she tells us nothing but what we knew before,—except the questionable anecdote of his excessive fondness for water-melons. But of the Lipari Islands she tells us a great deal which is entertaining and remarkable enough.

## ART AND SCIENCE.

### CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

THE phenomena of fermentation and putrefactive decomposition are among the most obscure of any which have engaged the attention of the scientific inquirer. The change which a solution of sugar undergoes when its elementary atoms rearrange themselves with production of alcohol and carbonic acid, is one which only takes place under certain circumstances, and is intimately connected with the development and growth of certain organized bodies which make their appearance at the time the change takes place. These are supposed to be the inducing causes of the transformation, inasmuch as the smallest portion introduced into a freshly-made solution of sugar, will immediately cause decomposition to commence. But what is the precise action of this ferment, as it is called, whether they are connected with the change which takes place, in the relation of cause or of effect, whence they come, how they grow, and what their nature is, are questions which have as yet received no satisfactory answer. Pasteur has brought forward experimental evidence to show that the process of fermentation depends upon the presence of infusoria in the fermenting fluid, and that the source of all such organisms is the atmosphere; and in proof of this asserts that if the fermentable liquid is put in a flask and boiled for two or three minutes, being supplied only with air which has been passed through a red-hot tube, no fermentation takes place, provided the flask be at once hermetically sealed; but if the same solution is exposed to the air in its ordinary condition, it becomes filled with numerous living forms. This statement seems reasonable enough, and has been generally looked upon as a step in advance towards a proper understanding of the phenomena, but recently they have been repeated by Professor Wyman with entirely different results; living organisms having made their appearance, in some instances, where even greater precautions were taken than those mentioned by Pasteur. The general character of the experiments was somewhat as follows:—Some organic infusions were placed in a flask, to the neck of which an iron tube was cemented by plaster of Paris: the iron tube was rammed as tightly as possible with iron wires, so as to leave only very narrow passage ways between them, and expose as much surface as possible. The iron tube filled with wires was heated to redness, and the contents of the flask boiled for a quarter of an hour to two hours. In this way all the air was expelled from the flask by the steam, and upon allowing the flask to cool, the condensation of the steam allowed air to re-enter through the iron tube, the red heat of which was kept up, so that all organisms contained in the air might be burnt. The flask was allowed to cool very slowly, in order that the entering air might occupy as much time as possible in passing through the iron tubes, and thus insure the destruction of its organic matters. When the liquor was cold the neck of the flask was sealed before the blow-pipe. Thirty-three flasks were prepared in this manner, the conditions of each being slightly varied; they were then suspended from the walls of a sitting-room, near the ceiling, where they were exposed to a temperature of between 70° and 80° F. After remaining various lengths of time, from a few days to as many weeks, they were opened and examined, and in the great majority of cases *Vibrios*, *Bacteriums*, monads, and other low organisms, were found to be present. These experiments throw but little light upon the immediate source from which the organisms in question have been derived. If they seem to favour any theory it is that of the doctrine of spontaneous generation; for whilst the advocates of this theory admit that spores and minute eggs are disseminated through the air, no spores or eggs of any kind have been proved to retain vitality after exposure to the prolonged action of boiling water. As regards the organisms found in these flasks, it has not yet been found that they have spores—the existence of these is inferred.

If on the one hand it is urged that all organisms, in so far as the early history of them is known, are derived from ova, and therefore, by analogy, we must ascribe a similar origin to these minute beings, whose early history we do not know; it may, on the other hand, be urged with equal force that all ova and spores, as far as we know anything about them, are destroyed by prolonged boiling; we are, therefore, equally bound to infer that these *Vibrios*, *Bacteriums*, &c., could not have been derived from ova, since they must all have been destroyed by the conditions to which the flasks had been subjected. The argument from analogy is as strong in the one case as in the other. If the doctrine of spontaneous generation be rejected in any of the forms in which it has been brought forward, the immediate source of the organisms in question must be ascribed to spores contained either in the air enclosed in the flask or in the materials of the solution. Considering that the air had only obtained access to the flask by very slow passage through red-hot iron tubes, we may at once reject the idea of ova being introduced in this way, and are compelled to assume their existence in the liquid, and retained vitality at the temperature of boiling water, and, indeed, as proved by one experiment, by ten minutes' boiling under a pressure of five atmospheres. The advocates of the spontaneous generation

theory will view these experiments as conclusive in their favour, but we think, before deciding upon so illogical a theory, the whole matter should be subjected to the most rigorous investigation.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE LAST SCIENTIFIC BALLOON ASCENT AT WOLVERHAMPTON ON SEPTEMBER 5.

To the Editor of "The London Review."

The most successful balloon ascent that has ever been made for the objects of science, was effected on Friday, September 5th, under the auspices of the British Association. On that day, Mr. Coxwell's large balloon ascended from Wolverhampton with myself and full set of instruments. These consist of a mercurial Gay-Lussac's syphon barometer, an aneroid barometer, both adjusted to read to five inches; two pairs of dry and wet bulb thermometers; Regnault's condensing hygrometer; Daniell's dew-point hygrometer; an aspirator, with flexible tubes and stop-cocks, the one leading to one pair of dry and wet bulb thermometers, and the other to Regnault's hygrometer; ozone papers; hermetically sealed tubes, from which the air had been exhausted; a compass with horizontal needle; an exceedingly delicate Negretti & Zambra's gridiron thermometer, maximum and minimum thermometers, &c. The syphon-barometer was constructed by Mr. Adie, and all the rest by Messrs. Negretti & Zambra. In the ascent from Wolverhampton on July 17, a Thomson's electrometer was used in addition; and in the last, on Sept. 5, a barometer designed by Messrs. Negretti & Zambra was added. All the observations have been made by Gay-Lussac's barometer; but as the correctness of the readings of a syphon-barometer mainly depends upon having a perfectly calibrated tube, and from the large size required for a barometer tube it is difficult to make sure of perfect calibration, Messrs. Negretti & Zambra thought it advisable to construct a barometer expressly for the purpose of checking the observations which have been made, so as to be sure of the correctness of all the observations.

For this purpose a good tube was selected 6 feet long; the mercury was then boiled throughout the whole of this length, a cistern was blown on its lower extremity, a stop-cock was added, by which means the mercury was allowed to decrease inch by inch from the tube into the cistern, and the rise which took place in the cistern subsequently accounted for in dividing the scale. The upper portion of the tube (6 feet) was used to construct the barometer, so that, by this means, a direct reading was obtained without any correction being necessary for the displacement of the surface of the mercury in the cistern down to 8 inches. The difference, if any, which might be found in the reading of the syphon and this instrument, would be due to the inequality in the tube of the syphon.

The balloon left the earth at 1h. 3m., the temperature of the air at the time being 59½° and the dew-point 49½°; at 1h. 10m., at the height of half a mile, the temperature was 45½°; at 1h. 13m., at the height of a mile, the temperature was 39°; and shortly afterwards, on entering a cloud, which was about 1,100 feet in thickness, the temperature of the air fell to 36½°, and the wet-bulb thermometer read the same, showing the air here was saturated with moisture. On emerging from the cloud at 1h. 17m. we came into a flood of light, with a beautiful blue sky without a cloud above us, and a magnificent sea of cloud below, its surface being varied with endless hills, hillocks, mountain chains, and many snow-white masses rising from it. I here tried to take a view with the camera, but we were rising too rapidly and revolving too quickly to do so; the flood of light, however, was so great that all I should have needed would have been a momentary exposure, as Dr. Hill Norris had kindly furnished me with extremely sensitive dry plates for the purpose.

The view just above the clouds contrasted strongly with that below them, perhaps in no sense more than in the strong sunlight, and its effect upon shining surfaces all round.

When we attained the height of two miles, at 1h. 21m., the temperature had fallen to the freezing point, and the dew point to 25°. We were three miles high at 1h. 28m., with a temperature of 18°, and dew point 10°; at 1h. 39m. we had reached four miles, and the temperature was 8°, and dew point minus 10; in ten minutes more we had reached the fifth mile, and the temperature of the air had passed below zero, and there read minus 2°, and at this point no dew was observed on Regnault's hygrometer when cooled down to minus 30°. Up to this time I had taken the observations with comfort. I had experienced no difficulty in breathing, while Mr. Coxwell, in consequence of the necessary exertion he had to make, had breathed with difficulty for some time. At 1h. 51m. the barometer read 11.05 inches, but which requires a subtractive correction of 0.25 inch, as found by comparison with Lord Wrottesley's standard barometer just before starting, both by his lordship and myself, which would reduce it to 10.8 inches, or at a height of about 5½ miles. I read the dry bulb as minus 5°; in endeavouring to read the wet bulb I could not see the column of mercury. I rubbed my eyes, then took a lens, and also failed. I then tried to read the other instruments, and found I could not do so, nor could I see the hands of the watch. I asked Mr. Coxwell to help me, and he said he must go into the ring, and he would when he came down. I endeavoured to reach some brandy which was lying on the table, at about the distance of a foot from my hand, and found myself unable to do so. My sight became more dim; I looked at the barometer and saw it between 10 and 11 inches, and tried to record it, but I was unable to write. I then saw it at 10 inches, still decreasing fast, and just noted it in my book; its true reading, therefore, was at this time about 9½ inches, implying a height of about 5½ miles, as a change of an inch in the reading of the barometer at this elevation takes place on a change of height of about 2,500 feet; I felt I was losing all power, and endeavoured to rouse myself by struggling and shaking. I attempted to speak, and found I had lost the power. I attempted to look at the barometer again; my head fell on one side. I struggled and got it right, and it fell on the other, and finally fell backwards. My arm, which had been resting



on the table, fell down by my side. I saw Mr. Coxwell dimly in the ring. It became more misty, and finally dark, and I sank unconsciously as in sleep; this must have been about 1h. 54m.

I then heard Mr. Coxwell say, "What is the temperature? Take an observation; now try." But I could neither see, move, nor speak. I then heard him speak more emphatically, "Take an observation; now do try." I shortly afterwards opened my eyes, saw the instruments and Mr. Coxwell very dimly, and soon saw clearly and said to Mr. Coxwell, "I have been insensible;" and he replied, "You have, and I nearly." I recovered quickly, and Mr. Coxwell said, "I have lost the use of my hands; give me some brandy to bathe them." His hands were nearly black. I saw the temperature was still below zero, and the barometer reading 11 inches, but increasing quickly. I resumed my observations at 2h. 7m., recording the barometer reading 11.53 inches, and the temperature minus 2. I then found that the water in the vessel supplying the wet bulb thermometer, which I had by frequent disturbances kept from freezing, was one solid mass of ice. Mr. Coxwell then told me that while in the ring he felt it piercingly cold, that hoar frost was all round the neck of the balloon, and on attempting to leave the ring he found his hands frozen, and he got down how he could; that he found me motionless, with a quiet and placid expression on the countenance. He spoke to me without eliciting a reply, and found that I was insensible, and that he was not able to come to me, or do anything but try to rouse me by urging me to observe. He then said he felt insensibility was coming over himself, that he became anxious to open the valve, that his hands failed him, and that he seized the line between his teeth and pulled the valve open until the balloon took a turn downwards. This act is quite characteristic of Mr. Coxwell. I have never yet seen him without a ready means of meeting every difficulty as it has arisen, with a cool self-possession that has always left my mind perfectly easy, and given to me every confidence in his judgment in the management of so large a balloon.

On asking Mr. Coxwell whether he had noticed the temperature, he said he could not, as the faces of the instruments were all towards me; but that he had noticed that the centre of the aneroid barometer, its blue hand, and a rope attached to the car were in the same straight line. If so, the reading must have been between 7 and 8 inches. A height of 6½ miles corresponds to 8 inches. A delicate self-registering *minimum* thermometer read minus 12°, but unfortunately I did not read it till I was out of the car, and I cannot say that its index was not disturbed.

On descending, at about 4 miles in height the temperature increased to 17°; and it was remarked by both of us that it was warm. At 2h. 17m. the temperature was 32°; we were then rather more than 2 miles high, and a gun was heard: it was the first sound we heard after leaving the quiet above—a degree of quietness and loneliness of which we have no conception on the earth. At 2h. 25m. the temperature was 42°, at a little more than 1 mile high. At 2h. 38m., at half-a-mile, it was 53°, with a dew-point of 37°; and on the ground, but still above 700 feet above the sea, it was 57°, with a dew-point of 49°.

It was remarked that the sand was quite warm to the hand, and steam issued from it when it was discharged. Six pigeons were taken up. One was thrown out at the height of three miles; it extended its wings and dropped as a piece of paper. A second, at four miles, flew vigorously round and round, apparently taking a great dip each time. A third was thrown out between four and five miles, and it fell downwards. A fourth was thrown out at four miles when we were descending; it flew in a circle, and shortly after alighted on the top of the balloon. The two remaining pigeons were brought down to the ground; one was found to be dead, and the other (a carrier) had attached to its neck a note. It would not, however, leave, and when jerked off the finger returned to the hand. After a quarter of an hour it began to peck a piece of riband encircling its neck, and I then jerked it off my finger, and it flew round two or three times with vigour, and finally towards Wolverhampton. One of the carriers returned to Wolverhampton on Sunday at 4 o'clock, p.m., and up to this time is the only one heard of.

The balloon descended very gently on a spot chosen by Mr. Coxwell when some hundred feet from the earth, in the centre of a field containing twenty-one acres, belonging to Mr. Kersell at Cold-Weston, about 7½ miles from Ludlow, and 28 from Wolverhampton. On descending, a number of the country people stood in a corner of the field like a flock of frightened sheep, and it was not till after a good deal of coaxing that any one, excepting Mr. Kersell, would approach the balloon or ourselves, who they seemed to think were not mortal.

Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Proud, the engineer of the gasworks, for the production of gas of such a light specific gravity.

It would seem from this ascent that five miles from the earth is very nearly the limit of human existence. It is possible, as the effect of each high ascent upon myself has been different, that on another occasion I might be able to go higher, and it is possible that some persons may be able to exist with less air and bear a greater degree of cold; but still I think that prudence would say to all, whenever the barometer reading falls as low as 11 inches, open the valve at once; the increased information to be obtained is not commensurate with the increased risk.

No more ascents for scientific purposes will be made this year; the observations will now be reduced, and, if possible, will be discussed, and results stated at the meeting of the British Association at Cambridge.

Sept. 10.

JAMES GLAISHER.

#### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

**THE KIRKDALE CAVERN.**—Mr. John Taylor, in an article entitled "The Hand of Man in the Kirkdale Cavern," published in the last number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, attacks the conclusions of a work which has long since passed to the rear of scientific progress, and which only remains a valuable record of facts and painstaking and reliable observations—Buckland's "*Reliquiæ Diluvianæ*." That the relics of the drift, or cavern age, afford any indications whatever of a

universal deluge is a doctrine which has long been dismissed from the minds of the most competent geologists; but the conclusion of the late Dean of Westminster, so carefully drawn from the state of the cavern and the condition of the osseous relics in it, that it had been a place of haunt for hyenas, is generally regarded as substantially true. This is the point which Mr. Taylor ventures to impugn. He would transform the cavern into a hiding-place of the magic charms and medicines of the Druids! Mr. Taylor makes a great parade of measurements, and gives a list of a dozen or more examples of dimensions of parts of the cavern through which he thinks the ancient cave-hyenas could not crawl. The first of these is 3ft. by 6ft.—space enough, we should think, for a tolerably-sized beast to get through; and others of the measurements are equally capacious. Besides, why should all the hyenas that used the den have been big ones? Could not the little hyenas have dragged their surplus food or ordinary meals into the little recesses, and could not wolves and foxes also have carried food and bones in the smaller fissures? Would it not be natural they should do so? It should be remembered that Dr. Buckland studied the habits of hyenas minutely; he watched their conduct in Wombwell's menagerie, he even kept one in his own cellar, and from every source gained all the information about their habits that he could, and has figured in his work some bones from Kirkdale so similar to the rejectamenta of Wombwell's hyenas, as to be all but identical. But the author of this Druidical theory seems even not to know whether hyenas are solitary or gregarious. He quotes Dr. Buckland as an authority for their hunting together in packs, and Buffon, that "*l'hyène est un animal solitaire*;" but for insisting that of all the animals in existence the hyena would be one of the last to take up his abode in the Kirkdale Cavern, he gives neither authority nor reason. Nor does he seem to be better acquainted with the Druids or with Pliny. Certainly the latter makes no mention of the British Druids using or even knowing anything about hyenas at all. What Pliny does is to describe in the 8th chapter of his 28th book "the medicines that are found in diverse strange and farraine beasts, as, namely, the elephant, lion, camel, hyena, crocodile, chameleon, skenke, water-horses, and ounces;" and then, after a book about something else, we come to the 1st chapter of the 30th book, the subjects of which are "The originall and beginning of the art of magicke. When it first began and who were the inventors of it. By whom it was practised and advanced." After referring to the practice of magic by Zoroaster 6,000 years before the death of Plato, and by Azonaces 5,000 years before the siege of Troy, and also amongst the Medes, Babylonians, Arabians, and Assyrians, Pliny makes a reference to its practice by the Druids of France and England; but there is no connection between the hyenas of book 28 and the Druids of book 30. Mr. Taylor's arguments then resolve themselves into the following logic:—That, as hyenas' bones were used in magic, and that, as the Druids practised magic, *therefore* the Druids used hyenas' bones for magical purposes, and buried them in Kirkdale Cave. Instead of going back to Pliny and the Kirkdale bones, let us bring a like logic to bear on an article creating some "sensation" at the present time, and unscientific ladies may thus enjoy the joke *Macmillan* furnishes. We might say, first, as crinoline is used for clothing, and, secondly, as the Druids wore clothes, *therefore* the Druids used crinoline made at Sheffield of rolled steel. Rhetoricians would, and perhaps Mr. Taylor might, call this form of sophism an "illative conversion of the minor premiss;" but perhaps our fair readers would reasonably and briskly reply, that whatever that grandiloquent phrase might mean in honest English, such arguments were utter nonsense.

**COMET II., 1862.**—After the despatch of the letter on the comet, which, with the illustrations, was kindly inserted in *THE LONDON REVIEW* of Sept. 6, I saw reason to qualify one of the statements there made. At the end of it I mention that the deviation of the axis of the bright sector from the prolongation of the axis of the tail, was always to the left hand as seen in an inverting telescope; and this was true, so far as was indicated by my own observations to the night of Aug. 29. But on the night of Sept. 1, I found, by measurement, that the deviation was 20° towards the right hand; at the same time the angular expansion of the sector had contracted to about 40°. Also, Mr. Bowden, Senior Assistant at the Cambridge Observatory, informs me that on Aug. 27 he found a deviation of 11° in the right hand direction, while, on Aug. 26, the deviation was about as much towards the left hand. As these continual changes of position of the sector are the characteristic phenomena of the comet, I have been desirous of being quite correct in my information respecting them.—J. CHALLIS. Cambridge, Sept. 8, 1862.

**CAMBRIAN ARCHEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.**—The sixteenth congress has been held at Truro, under the presidency of the Earl of Dunraven. The principal objects of attraction have been the primitive church at Bodmin, the early British works, rock-basins, and Druids' altars at Cambrea (Redruth), Pendennis Castle, St. Michael's Mount, the "Holed stone" of St. Burian, Chun Castle, the cromlechs at Chysanston, St. Madron's Church and well, the church of Perranzabuloe, St. Puan's Round, where miracle-plays of old were performed. The chief papers were "Ecclesiastical Architecture of Wales," by the Rev. F. C. Hingerton; "Early Remains of Brittany, Cornwall, and Wales," by Rev. E. L. Barnwell; "Names of Places in Scilly Isles," by Mr. G. Norris; "Early British Tin Works," by Mr. Hunt; "On Symbolic Sculpture and Pictish Inscriptions on Stones in Scotland," by Professor Simpson. The congress for 1863 will be held at Kington, in Radnorshire.

**A SAFE GUNPOWDER.**—Mr. Wiesling, an American civil engineer, is said to have invented a novel gunpowder, possessing the singular and valuable properties of burning without explosion in the open air, but of exploding with as much force as ordinary gunpowder when thoroughly secluded by wadding in a gun, or by tamping in blasting operations. He is reported to have used this powder extensively in the great tunnelling operations at Van Hert Gap on the Warren Railway.

**WARMING RAILWAY CARRIAGES.**—We have been requested by M. Henri de Parville, who is a mining engineer at Paris, and scientific editor of the *Constitutionnel* and the *Pays*, to correct a paragraph in *THE LONDON REVIEW*, No. 110, which named him as the inventor of a new apparatus for warming railway carriages, by means of the waste steam from the locomotive engine. M. de Parville desires to make known that the credit of this invention, which he has advocated and explained, belongs to M. Adrien Delcambre.

**MISCELLANEA.**—Messrs. Williams & Norgate have made a valuable addition to the printed works on Celtic antiquities, by the publication of three ancient Irish glossaries, viz., Cormac's, of the ninth century, from a copy of the fourteenth century, in the Library of the Irish Academy; a Manuscript Vocabulary, in the British Museum, translated by O'Davoren in 1569; and the Calendar of Oingus, in Trinity College, Dublin.

The Netherlands Congress for the Science of Language and Literature sat at Bruges, during the past week, under the presidency of M. H. Conscience.

The first part of Noël des Vergers' *L'Etrurie et les Etrusques*, is published.